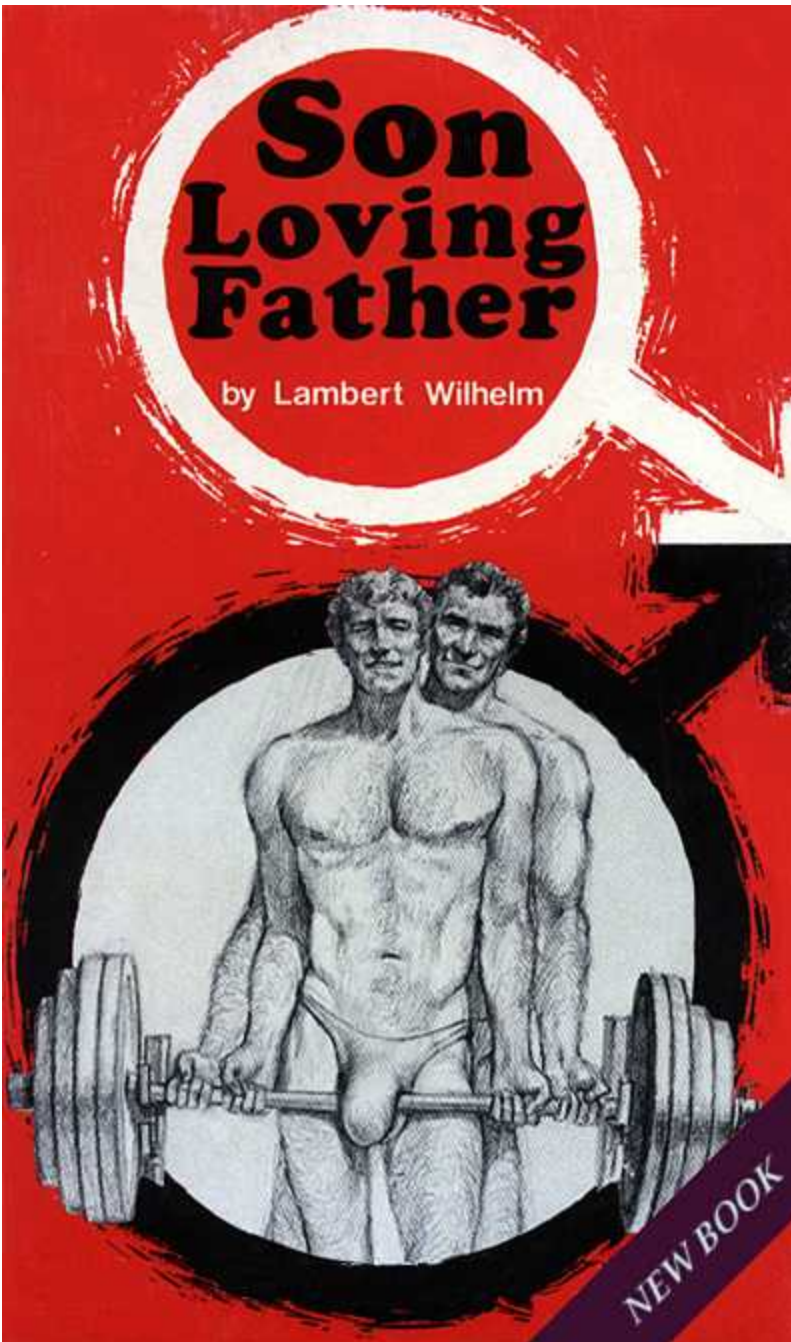


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ac-218 son loving father  
(lambert wilhelm) 1979

**JBBISHOP**



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AC-218 SON LOVING FATHER by Lambert Wilhelm

## FOREWORD

In our ever-changing and often confusing world, a world in which it is often difficult to determine right from wrong or good from bad, things which may

have shocked our grandparents, or even our parents, are often taken with a grain of salt.

Just a few short years ago, it seemed that the stereotype homosexual had firmly entrenched itself in the general consciousness of our society. It would have been looked upon as absurd, for example, for one to suggest that a certain professional football player was gay. After all, everyone knew that homosexuals were nonviolent, at best, and downright weak-kneed at worst. It also went without saying that there were no homosexual doctors, lawyers, politicians or policemen. There were, however, numerous gay hair dressers, interior decorators and fashion designers. And, of course, most artists were suspect.

SON LOVING FATHER is a story that "tells it like it is" in that it exposes the old gay stereotype for what it is -- a lie. A compelling novel that attempts to uncover the truth in an area where the facts have been ignored too long.

The Publisher

# CHAPTER ONE

Tyler Balor's young body hung from the chain supported manacles that wrapped his wrists.

The teenager's muscles were stretched into erotic lines, veeing downward along his hairless chest and belly, focusing attention on the jutting hardness of his cock thrust upward from his blond-haired crotch.

Below Tyler's sizable cock shaft, suspended in a large sac covered with stiff blond hair, were two bull-like balls chock full of teenage cum.

His ass was twin mounds of hard athletic flesh and skin, white compared to the tan that bronzed the majority of his youthful physique.

Fletcher Marnax was ready to begin. He spit several times into the cupped palms of his hands, quickly smearing the resulting saliva over the entire length of his blood-glutted cock.

Fletcher, at thirty-six, was in exceptionally good physical condition.

His strong muscles were set off well within the leather costume now draping them.

A black-leather vest, open in front, revealed the man's black-haired chest complete with well-developed chest muscles and quarter-sized nipples. His pectorals were massive, positioned above the distinct design of his solid abdominals.

Fletcher's chest hair merged with his belly hair and then flowed over the man's knotted navel to a thicker veeing bush around the base of his healthy erection. His cock and balls jutted free of the unlaced crotch of his leather pants.

His hard cock was taut and rigid, completely unveiled of its cowering foreskin. A cleaver-sliced mouth perfectly halved the rubbery head.

"Ready, bastard?" Fletcher asked, cupping his balls, milking more natural cock juices to the surface of his prick mouth.

Fletcher was sure as hell ready, whether Tyler was or not.

In one of the mirrors, he could see the flush which had appeared across the tops of his cheek. He could see the sweat on his forehead which caused his hair to stick to his skin.

In truth, though, Tyler was just as ready as Fletcher. It had been way too long, hadn't it, since the two of them had gotten together? Two Goddamned weeks, as a matter of fact. Tyler wished it could have been more often.

Fletcher came in closer to Tyler's banging body. He used his left hand to keep the boy's body from swinging out of position. With his right hand he guided his juice-sapped cock head to the puckered ass hole punctuating Tyler's ass crease.

Then, seeming to have a momentary change of his immediate plans, Fletcher pulled his cock away from the target area as it had dampened with contact.

Fletcher put his right hand on Tyler's right hip, dropping slowly to his knees. His handsome face slid into place where his hard cock had just vacated.

He clamped his thumbs into Tyler's ass cheeks and pulled the young ass open along its crack.

Fletcher buried his face into the hair-lined ass flesh, his nose finding Tyler's ass hole before his mouth did. He savored the heady muskiness of young male butt in heat.

Moving his mouth up, he licked the musty crack. Smells were quickly converted to exotic tastes on Fletcher's taste buds.

Rolling his tongue, Fletcher put its moist tip to Tyler's pucker and pushed at the tight sphincter guarding Tyler's asshole. The flavors Fletcher found

beyond the ass opening were delicious.

Tyler groaned lowly, his body trembling. There were, after all, very few people he had come across who could eat ass like Fletcher could. And Tyler had been eaten out by more than his share of guys in his time. In his business, you went through men like an elephant went through peanuts.

Yet, in all of his many nights of hustling the streets, Tyler had only very seldom come across a stud to match this one.

Tyler swung his ass back, grinding his buttocks tightly against Fletcher's tongue and face, allowing Fletcher's tongue to dip, snake-like, even further up Tyler's funky butt channel.

Tyler was really enjoying this ass-eating treatment. But it only made him hungrier for the real thing. Tongue was fine, but there was nothing to compare with the hardness of a throbbing prick running into the pit of his guts.

Fletcher let his right hand drift around to Tyler's belly. He felt the blond curls of Tyler's pubic bush, then the slap of the cock as Tyler's crotch muscles suddenly caused, it to jerk. The back of Fletcher's hand became spattered with Tyler's clear pre-cum.

Fletcher, still eating, didn't immediately fist Tyler's cock. Instead, he massaged Tyler's nuts, pulling on the two cum-filled balls.

"Ohhhhhhh, Jessssus!" Tyler hissed, revelling in the combination of pleasure and pain taking hold of him.

Tyler's arms were beginning to hurt, held upward as they were by the manacles and chains. Yet, that additional discomfort only managed to increase his lusty pleasure.

Fletcher continued just the way he was until the taste at Tyler's butt began to pale beneath the frantic tongue washing. Then, he released the balls, letting the wrinkled scrotum begin an immediate return to its grapefruit-like consistency.

Fletcher stroked Tyler's cock several times, guiding the loose outer skin back and forth. Although the prick had been circumcised, it received a mock foreskin on each glide of the skin-pulling hand.

Fletcher, though, was soon more concerned for his pleasure than for the pleasure of this boy he had once again picked up off the street.

Fletcher, after all, was paying for this. For his money, it was his need which took precedence.

Fletcher ceased his ass eating and stood up, releasing Tyler's stiff prick in the process.

He quickly noticed how his delay had caused the lubrication on his cock to evaporate. Once again, he went through the process of preparing his prick for its drive up Tyler's ass. First, Fletcher filled his hands with spit. Then, he smeared the warm spit along his cock shaft, simultaneously milking his prick for its preseminal juices to add stickiness to the lubricating slick.

"You're about to get your ass fucked, stud," Fletcher said. He pushed his fat cock head downward along Tyler's crack to the puckered asshole. "And, you want it, too, don't you, bastard? You really want it bad, huh?"

"I want it," Tyler agreed. "I want it hard. I want it fast. I want it jabbed so deeply into my guts I can feel that pulpy cock head of yours fucking through my belly and into the base of my throat!"

"Sure you do, stud, buck," Fletcher affirmed. He played his leaking cock head in the bubbling spit his mouth had left at Tyler's ass pucker.

"Horny, hung bastard, hung from heavy chains."

Fletcher nudged his pelvis forward, the resulting pressure causing Tyler's ass mouth to stretch open.

"Uuuungghung!" Tyler grunted, as Fletcher's fist-sized cock bead slipped all of the way inside. Despite all of the cock the hustler's asshole had taken in its time, it never seemed to get stretched really out of shape.

It was still tight. It still took a little work getting into.

With his cock partially fucked up Tyler's butt, Fletcher put one hand on each hipbone, holding Tyler secure for a further feeding of cock.

"Feel it, stud?" Fletcher asked.

"Jesus, I feel it!" Tyler answered, mentally willing his asshole to relax.

"And that's only the head, bastard," Fletcher informed. Between his lower belly and Tyler's ass, there was a bridge of solid, juice-slicked prick waiting entrance. "There's still ten long inches to go, bastard. Ten lovely stud inches!"

Fletcher proceeded to feed Tyler's asshole all ten of those remaining inches in a forceful streamlining of cock up spit-dampened asshole.

"Aaaagghhrruungh!" Tyler gasped. Whether or not he had been expecting the fast and sudden submersion of cock up his ass, the reality was hard to accept without some shock.

"Yes... yes... yesssss!" Fletcher moaned, grinding his black pubic hair into the blond strands lining Tyler's ass crack. His fat cock was gummed tightly by the gripping asshole.

Holding Tyler's hips, Fletcher yanked his fucking cock all of the way out until only the pulpy prick head was held by Tyler's gripping sphincter ring. Then, Fletcher was slamming his erection right back up Tyler's butt.

"My God... my... fucking... God!" Tyler mumbled. He felt one of Fletcher's bun squashing in-strokes become hastily followed by another...

and another... and another. In between each was a withdrawal that brought Fletcher's cock head out to Tyler's gumming butt mouth.

"I'm fucking your ass, slave!" Fletcher cried. "I'm really fucking your ass with hard male cock."



"Yessssungh!" Tyler grunted. It was about all he could come up with at the moment. His speech had momentarily been impaired by the pleasure and the pain simultaneously being fed his body.

Fletcher continued to fuck. He could quickly become carried away in the intensity of the moment. It had been a long time since he had ventured back out on the streets. Thank God, he had been lucky enough to find Tyler again!

Two weeks it had been. How long would it be until next time? Every time he came out on the streets, every time he picked up a hustler, Fletcher risked his son somehow discovering he was gay. Their father-son relationship had already gone decidedly downhill since Fletcher's wife (Cody's mother) had died in a boating accident five years before.

But, Fletcher didn't want to think about Cody now. He had already taken the risk, and should be enjoying the successful results. And, enjoy it, by God, he would, he decided.

Fletcher pulled his cock out to its head, then jabbed it back in. His lower body came to a jarring stop against Tyler's ass cheeks. The cum-bulged balls continued forward, slapping upward to whack Tyler's sweaty ass buns.

Despite the fact that Fletcher was quickly carried away with his screwing, Tyler certainly wasn't suffering as a consequence. Tyler, after all, hadn't taken to the streets for his livelihood just because he was forced into it. Quite simply, he enjoyed each and every aspect of male-male sex. That he had stumbled onto a way of not only participating in his wildest sexual fantasies, but of getting paid for it, had always seemed an extraordinary stroke of luck.

And, when Tyler lucked onto a paying customer who could put out like this well-hung stud could, well he could really thank his stars.

Tyler saw his reflection in one of the mirrors positioned around the small basement room. He watched the way his body shook each and every time the hard, hairy belly collided with his ass. He watched as Fletcher's wrist-like cock meatiness pulled out and then pushed in...

pulled out and then pushed in...

Tyler could only be further excited by being voyeur as well as participant. There was, after all, a decided eroticism to the tautening of his sweat-glossed muscles, to the weaving of his blood-heavy cock in front of his belly, to the jerking of his cum-ballooned balls.

"Fuck me!" Tyler grunted huskily. "Fuck the living shit out of me!"

For Fletcher, Tyler's request to be fucked was a verbal aphrodisiac that moved him on to even faster and more furious screwing. Shit, yes, he would fuck Tyler's young ass! Goddamn, yes, he would screw it, hump it, corn-hole it until Fletcher's balls were blasting... Jesus, blasting pearly spunk up Tyler's cock-fucked ass hole.

"Take it... take it... take it!" Fletcher grunted. He ran his arms around Tyler's chest, his fingers pinching the taut nipples.

"Christ... Jesus, Jesus... Christ!" Tyler groaned, quite beside himself with pleasure.

While Fletcher's left hand continued at the nipple, he dropped his right hand downward for a larger prize -- Tyler's contracted sac of cum-gluttled nuts. He squeezed the balls -- hard!

"Aaagh... aaagghhhh... aaaggghhh!" Tyler panted, feeling the excruciating pleasure and pain from his nuts. A dull, pleasurable ache burst through Tyler's lower belly and spread throughout the rest of his body.

The room was filled with the sounds of flesh slapping flesh, of low, guttural groans, of suctioning vacuums formed as ass hole sucked up and then vomited slick cock inches.

Fletcher freed Tyler's balls, then joined his hands, forming a full-nelson wrestling hold at the back of Tyler's neck.

He leaned his face against Tyler's back, his hips pumping out of control.

"Take my... Jesus... God! Jesus... take my... Goddamnn... take my cum, you stud bastard! Take my... JESUS, TAKE MY CUM!"

Fletcher's cock blasted as far as it could possibly go up Tyler's accepting asshole.

"My God... my God... my God!" Fletcher groaned as first one and then another of his massive streamers of cum shot up Tyler's butt, stringing the boy's asshole with ribbons of sticky sperm.

"Fuck me!" Tyler commanded, surprised as he always was when he managed to blast-off without anyone physically working his prick. "I'M CUMMING, YOU

FUCKING SONOFABITCH'N STUD. I'M CUMMING!"

Wet-warm cum blasted from the mouth of Tyler's erection while the boy's cock visibly pulsed. Soupy masses of hot spunk shot upward, flew into the air, descended into damp puddles of jism on the cement floor.

The two remained caught up within their combined eruptions, lost within the fantasy world of pleasure.

Wave after wave of ecstasy passed through Fletcher, riding his cum into Tyler's ass.

"My God, my God!" Fletcher muttered finally. The last of his cum had blasted Tyler's asshole. All of his sticky jism that remained would ooze free only after Fletcher's cock had completely softened.

"I came, bastard," Tyler said, to no one in particular. He doubted if Fletcher was really interested.

"I'm drained dry," Fletcher proclaimed, letting his hips begin a backward movement to drag the softening cock free.

The drag of Fletcher's existing prick pulled with it a mess of the cum the cock had pulsed out. Some of the goo smeared along the length of Fletcher's

emerging prick shaft. Some of it formed a damp halo around Tyler's ovaled ass hole. Some of it clung to Tyler's blond ass hair.

Fletcher's cock head reached Tyler's sphincter ring. Tyler's ass mouth began to slide shut along the tapering knob. When the cock came completely free, a bead of cum punctuated Tyler's shut ass pucker.

Fletcher lowered Tyler's chains and unfastened the locks on the fur-lined manacles, letting Tyler's wrists come free.

There was a small room off the main one, which held a locker-room type shower. Fletcher and Tyler showered at the same time, though there was no further touching. Fletcher was back to wondering what Cody would do if he found out about his father's sexual preference.

Jesus, Cody! Cody couldn't have been much older than Tyler was. Although, it was doubtful Cody would have been as understanding as Tyler was liable to be.

Oh, well, Fletcher would simply have to handle the trauma of his son's discovery when and if it ever occurred. There was, after all, no reason whatsoever to suspect Cody ever would find out, was there? Cody's mother had never discovered she hadn't been enough for her husband; and, Fletcher had been married to Melissa for fourteen years.

Fletcher and Tyler dressed.

Fletcher drove Tyler back into the downtown area, but not to the area where the pick-up occurred. Fletcher gave the kid extra for cab fare to cover the rest of his journey. He had no desire to be seen in the "meat market" area of the city any more than was absolutely necessary. Maybe he was being unduly paranoid, but it never paid to be too careful, did it?

Playing it careful had allowed Fletcher to live his double life for a very long time without discovery.

## CHAPTER TWO

At least five cars had driven by, slowed in interest. Three of the five had actually stopped. Still, Cody hadn't been coaxed from the depths of the shadows.

So, why hadn't he come out? What had made him just stand there like a studly prick-tease, wasting the whole Goddamned evening?

Because, the first thing that evening, as soon as he had taken up his sexy stance on the corner, adjusted his cock so that it was showing to best advantage, he could have, sworn he had seen his father. His father, for Christ's sake!

And, what if Cody's father had seen Cody? That thought had sent Cody into the deep shadows and had kept him there most of the night, although there had been no further signs of the look-alike car.

The more Cody thought about it, the more he was pretty convinced he had imagined all of it. After all, how many cars like his father's car, colored blue, were there in town? Certainly enough so seeing one of them shouldn't have sent Cody into a panic.

On the other hand, the driver of that car (all Cody had seen was a silhouette) had looked too familiar for comfort.

But, what in the hell would Cody's dad have been doing in this neck of the woods? The only thing Cody could figure was that his old man was out looking for him. Why here? Unless it had been a pure accident, it could only mean Fletcher had some suspicions as to how his son was presently spending his evenings.

A car turned the corner, its headlights giving enough light to the darkness to reveal Cody's presence. The car immediately slowed. It was a big and obviously expensive Lincoln. The Lincoln stopped.

Cody moved. Hell, he had been farting around enough, paranoid because of something that probably had nothing whatsoever to do with Cody or with his old man.

The window on the passenger side of the car, obviously activated by a switch somewhere on the driver's side, rolled down.

Cody stood long enough in the open window to give the man behind the wheel a good look at just what it was Cody had stuffed away in his tight jeans for the selling. Cody then squatted down, giving a view first of his muscled belly, then his muscled chest, then his handsomely attractive face.

Cody had black hair that appeared thick even though it was cut short. He had a nose straight from some Greco-Roman statue that terminated above full and sensuous lips and a deeply cleft chin.

Cody had a roughly hewn jawline that was just square enough to be masculine without being blockish.

He had dimples, one in each cheek.

"Hi," the driver said, a middle-aged man who could have looked a hell of a lot worse and still have been a good catch, considering his expensive car and clothing. "How about a little ride this evening?"

"Gee, I don't know, buddy," Cody said. "It's kind of a busy night to be riding too far from the action."

"Kind of late, too," the guy reminded. "So, I thought maybe you might be willing to call it an evening."

"I don't know," Cody said, wondering how he would explain staying out all night to his father. Fletcher was used to Cody showing up after Fletcher had gone to bed; but, it was very seldom Cody made a night out of it. He figured, though, he could have one of his friends lie that Cody had gotten bombed and had spent the night.

"Come on, stud, and get in," the guy said. "I promise to make it well worth your while."

"You might prefer finding someone a bit more versatile if you've got the whole evening in mind," Cody said. He didn't actually mind getting fucked in the ass, but, he was pretty picky just who he let do it. This guy wasn't anywhere near being a likely candidate for such a privilege.

"All the fucking I'm interested in is your cock up my ass," the driver said. "Aside from that, I think I'll have no trouble spending the whole night getting off on sucking your big cock. And, I'll bet that cock of yours is a big one, isn't it, stud?"

"As a matter of fact, that is one thing I can promise you," Cody said, flashing a wide smile that dimpled both of his cheeks. "Want to see the merchandise before you get quoted the price I think it's worth for the whole evening."

"I'll give you a hundred if what I can see from here is the genuine article."

"You think I walk around with a dildo toilet-paper-stuffed sock for effect?" Cody asked, opening the car door and sliding into the soft leather of the seat. "Hell, it's real enough. Cop a quick feel." The guy took advantage of the invitation, cupping his hand over the ridge beginning at Cody's crotch and running downward along the boy's muscled left thigh.

The guy's name was Philip. No one ever bothered with last names (first names usually being faked, too) so Philip had to do.

Philip drove an expensive car, lived in an expensive condominium that had security that would have kept any trick out of the building without Philip escorting him inside. Philip had, also, apparently been through everything before. He gave Cody the hundred dollars as soon as the boy was in the apartment. The business aspects put out of the way to both participants' satisfaction, Philip asked Cody if he wanted a drink before fun and games.

"No need to rush anything, since we do have all night," Philip had said.

"Just a beer," Cody had answered.

"Beer it is, then," Philip said, opening the refrigerator behind the living room bar. "In a bottle considerably smaller than your cock, too, I should imagine."

Cody finished his beer. Philip finished his Scotch and water. After their drinks, Philip decided he might as well start getting his money's worth, leading Cody into the bedroom.

"Now," Philip said, sitting in one of the chairs.

He beckoned Cody to come over and stand directly in front of him. "What do you say to giving me a close-up view of just what it is I've purchased for the evening?"

Cody dropped his left hand to his cock bulge and gave the mound several hearty rubs. The resulting friction penetrated the denim and heated Cody's prick to new impressive dimensions. Cody dropped his right hand to his fly and began expertly unfastening the buttons.

Philip, by now obviously eager, leaned forward, reaching both of his hands around Cody's buttocks to anchor his fingers securely, on Cody's muscular ass cheeks.

Cody finished with the last button. He pushed his thumb and index finger into the breach and hooked his cock. He gave a tug that pulled his eleven inches of cock meatiness free of confinement and allowed Cody's total erection to spring into full view.

"You weren't kidding about the size of your prick, were you?" Philip observed, obviously impressed. While he had been expecting an impressive cock upon unveiling, this cock was indeed something to take Philip's breath away. "Let's take a look at the balls that accompany that monster cock of yours, shall we?"

Cody obliged. He scooped his hand back into his trousers and shoveled his healthy nuts out into the fresh air.



"My God, my God," Philip said appreciatively. "But then, why should I be surprised? When one sees a horse cock, one should naturally expect horse nuts. Right? Right!"

Cody's cock and balls were undeniably impressive. They had been one of the genes successfully passed on to Cody from his father. In fact, a description of the son's cock could very well pass for a description of the father's prick: big, uncircumcised, giant nuts held in a pendulous, blackhaired scrotum.

"Why don't you just take it all off while you're at it?" Philip suggested, reluctantly defying his need to immediately suck Cody's monster prick up to the boy's fat balls. "When I luck onto a stud, I might as well admire all of him."

Cody did as he had been instructed, sitting on another chair long enough to take off his boots and strip off his sweat socks.

Cody's chest was covered only by a t-shirt. The boy quickly tugged that off and over his head. As a result, Cody revealed a chest that showed all indications of being as muscular as his father's chest, without being nearly as hairy. The hair fanning the tops of Cody's pectorals was fine and silky, as was the trailing that halved Cody's muscular belly and blossomed eventually into the veeing of black crotch hair at the meeting of the teenager's muscular thighs.

Wearing no underpants. Cody bared his ass and legs with the simple dropping of his trousers. He stepped out of the puddle of denim and stood quite still to give Philip a good view of the purchased merchandise.

"You've certainly got it alt don't you, stud?" Philip observed in admiration. "Yes, you certainly do have it all."

Philip beckoned Cody back to where he could get at him. This time, Philip's hands came in to clamp on Cody's bare butt.

Although, any close check of Philip's crotch would have revealed evidence of the man's burgeoning erection, he made no moves to pull his stiff prick

free. Philip was more than content, at least for the moment, to concentrate his full attention on Cody's impressive swollen cock meatiness.

Philip leaned his head forward. His tongue licked, stealing a taste of those juices held until then within the deep slicing of the cock silt.

Licking his lips as if to savor what he had just sampled, Philip looked up Cody's athletic belly and chest to the boy's face. Philip's blue eyes met Cody's black ones.

"Talk dirty to me, stud," Philip said. "You want to make me happy, then tell me what you want me to do for you."

"I've got a hard cock here that desperately needs sucking, bastard," Cody said, pleased he was so easily able to slip into the role Philip was requesting.

But, then, Cody had had one hell of a good teacher, hadn't he? How many guys on the street could say they had been broken in by Tyler Balor?

Tyler was recognized by his peers as one of the best -- if not the best -  
- hustler on the block.

"Tell me to suck, stud," Philip requested, rubbing his cheek against Cody's prick. "Go ahead, tell me."

"Why don't you get your ass off that comfortable chair?" Cody suggested.

"Why don't you get down on your hands and knees like the Goddamned common cock sucker you are?"

Cody stepped back and Philip followed after, dropping to his knees on a thick carpeting which was probably just as comfortable -- if not more so -- as the chair in which Philip had been sitting.

"Come on, cock sucker, it isn't going to bite you," Cody assured, shifting his hips so his uplifted cock rocked back and forth like a metronome. "Oval

those lips of yours around this pretty hunk of stud cock and swallow it all the way down to my hairy balls."

Philip wrapped the impressive cock with his right hand. The shaft was too large even for Philip's fingers to successfully circumnavigate.

Philip gave Cody's cock several strokes, fascinated as Cody's foreskin was first brought all the way up to a small pouting and then all the way back to completely unveil Cody's pulpy cock head.

"If I'd wanted my cock beaten off, I could have done it myself," Cody informed. "Surely you didn't pay just to take hold of my hard prick and stroke it, did you, buddy? Hell, no! You paid for a mouthful, and a mouthful is what you're going to get if I have to push your head over my stiff cock spike. You want me to impale your throat on my cock monster, buddy? You want me to choke you to death on my solid mouthful of cock meat? You want me to..."

Cody was caught completely by surprise at the speed with which Philip did move once the man put his mind to do so. Cody was equally surprised by the obvious skill that allowed Philip to claim two-thirds of Cody's erection without even a pause. Cody had choked enough novices on his big prick to recognize a real pro at cock sucking when he lucked out in finding one.

"All of it, buddy," Cody said, hearing his voice come out decidedly breathless.

But, now that Philip had started, there wasn't, anything that would have kept the man from going all of the way.

Quickly adjusted to the bulk of the cock already swallowed, Philip pushed his face all of the way down, burying his oiled lips deeply into the black hair on Cody's belly and balls. Cody's nuts moved beneath the erected prick.

"Swallow it, swallow it," Cody instructed, simultaneously knowing Philip had already managed just that. Every last inch of Cody's near foot of cock meatiness had entered the oval formed by Philip's mouth and had disappeared into the sucking warmth beyond.

Philip was as impressed as Cody with his own eating achievement. While Philip was indeed a pro at giving head, it was very seldom he actually got a chance to put in any practice on a cock as big as the one this kid came equipped with. Philip's pleasure increased when realizing there were probably only a few cock suckers in existence who could match his present swallowing feat. And, if that were indeed the case, then Philip knew Cody was not only going to come away a hundred bucks richer but with one hell of a good time remembered. Because, there was a big difference getting off up a mouth that could only take six inches of your eleven-inch cock and getting off up a mouth that could take those total eleven inches all of the way down to your cum-ballooned balls.

And, if the uncontrollable jerkings of Cody's cock inside Philip's mouth were any indication of Cody's pleasure already, Philip would have his mouthful of cum in no time. Under normal conditions, Philip might have found any quick ejaculations from a trick less than his money's worth.

However, in this particular case, Philip had no doubts but that there would be plenty other mouthfuls of cum awaiting in Cody's balls after Philip sucked up a small sample of it.

Philip chewed his way back up Cody's cock shaft, leaving a slick of spit behind him. Raised to Cody's cock head, Philip tasted the saltiness of additional preseminal liquid. The juice tasted good. If it was good, the following deluge of thick male sex cream would be downright delicious.

Even hugging just Cody's cock head, Philip could feel the corners of his mouth stretching from the necessary yawn required to achieve the encircling. Philip's blue eyes peered down along Cody's cock, finding it impossible to believe all he now saw had already once been siphoned up by his mouth and throat.

"Jesus, you are one hell of a cock sucker, aren't you, buddy?" Cody voiced breathlessly.

Damn right, Philip was one hell of a cock sucker! And, if Cody thought so now, just wait until Philip really got started in working Cody's cock to climax.

"Eat it, bastard," Cody said, putting his hands in Philip's brown hair.

Now Cody had had a sample of what Philip's mouth was like, he was more than ready for a repeat performance of that mouth buried over his total monster cock -- if just to prove to himself he hadn't been merely imagining Philip's successful first trip. Philip groaned, "Eat... eat...

eat."

Cody's fingers fastened in Philip's scalp and began to push. Philip, by now thoroughly confident of his ability in handling even the monster cock Cody was offering, let Cody continue pushing.

Philip's face made the trip for a second time, his tongue washing male cock meat as he swallowed.

"Goddamn Son... of... a... bitch!" Cody gasped, his cock once again completely lost up Philip's face.

Cody widened his stance. He tightened his ass checks along his crack, rocking his hips forward to be sure there was no more of his cock left to be taken.

Philip continued to gum the roots of Cody's prick. Whenever Philip swallowed, his throat collapsed around Cody's cock. The result milked more tasty preseminal juice from the cock.

"That's it, bastard, buddy," Cody groaned in pleasure. He revolved his lower body sensuously, stirring his cock inside of Philip's mouth and throat.

"Jesus, yes... yes... yes."

When Philip wanted to come up, Cody let him. Cody's hands rode up on Philip's head and then dropped down again with it.

Up... down... up... down... up...

"That's hundred-dollar cock you're sucking, buddy," Cody said, enjoying his fuck of Philip's mouth. "That's about eight-fifty an inch, cock sucker. Mighty expensive... oh, Jesus, yes... mighty... expensive..."

cock... steak."

Philip was in good sucking form now. Cody's running commentary only gave him additional incentive.

His right hand crept deeper into the crease, of Cody's ass. But, not too far. Philip had found studs like this were usually pretty leery about their ass holes. Sometimes they got uptight if anyone even tried to finger fuck them. And he didn't want anything to happen to upset Cody.

Jesus, no!

Cody was well aware of the churning inside of his guts. After all, he wasn't as jaded by all of this as someone like Tyler might have been. Cody's cock hadn't been anesthetized by suck after suck after suck.

Although he had lately certainly scored more than his share of sucks in the official tally.

Cody's healthy, cum-bulged balls pulled up to the base of his cock, held within, a thickness of scrotal skin that was no longer flaccid as it had once been.

If possible, Cody's mouth-masturbated prick was growing larger, becoming even, more bloodglutted by the second.

Cody knew his time wasn't all that far away. He wasn't worried, though.

He was still young enough to have quick recuperative powers. And, one ejaculation had never finished him off for an evening. In fact, in any competitions, Cody could have probably held up -- mouthful for mouthful -

- better than any hustler (professional or amateur) on the block, with the possible exception of Tyler, who had to have an inexhaustible supply, if what Cody had witnessed was any real indication.

"Eat it!" Cody commanded. And, he suddenly realized it was all over -- at least for this first time. Cody's balls erupted, sending a deluge of rich, warm, cum jettisoning through tubes and out the pulsing mouth of his cock.

Philip's cheeks fluttered and then collapsed. The resulting suction caused Cody's cum to burst free with hearty intensity.

And, even as his reflexive swallowing gulps were successfully taking each and every cupful of cum Cody's spasming cock was feeding, Philip felt the miracle happening inside his pants. A fire in the man's guts exploded into holocaust, releasing the reservoir of boiling jism trapped until then in the large nuts pulled to the base of Philip's belly.

"Ooooggghhhuunnngghah!" Philip moaned, gargling on his own pleasure and on Cody's exploded sexual cream.

A wet ocean of male cum pumped from Philip's swollen cock, filling the cupping crotch of his underpants and webbing cock and cotton material in slippery sexual goo.

"Suck me, bastard!" Cody groaned in accompaniment to his finale.

And Philip sucked, hoping the cum he was siphoning into his face at that moment would somehow work to replenish the blastings even then soiling the inside of Philip's trousers.

## CHAPTER THREE

Philip's lust had been so inexhaustible at having lucked out with such an attractive stud like Cody, that the man's constant sexual demands had eventually left even Cody pretty much done in. As a result, somewhere early in the morning, Cody had dozed off. When he came awake, he did so with a start, realizing, if he wanted to get back into the house without his father hearing him, he was going to have to haul ass.

Philip was reluctant to let Cody go, offering another twenty-five bucks for one final, quick fuck of Cody's big cock up Philip's cock-hungry ass hole. Realizing he always had his I-was-drunk-and-stayed-over-with-a-friend alibi to fall back on, Cody obliged Philip's request. However, Cody figured his time spent in fucking would have to substitute for the time he would have preferred spending in the shower.

Cody left Philip once again exhausted on the bed, and headed home.

The minute he reached the back door of the house, he began to regret he hadn't taken the few extra moments to take his shower. He thought, whether imagined or not, that he could actually smell the funky aroma of stale sex engulfing him. Fletcher had probably gotten funky enough those times he had fucked his wife to know the smell when he smelled it. If that were so, there was liable to be big trouble. Cody didn't know why, but Fletcher seemed to expect Cody (at nineteen, for God's sake!) to be completely virgin. Cody had it figured Fletcher would have been hard-pressed to even realize his son had reached puberty. Which was strange!

Because, Cody was almost sure his father had been less than a virgin when Fletcher had married Cody's mother, when both husband and bride had been only eighteen.

Oh, well, maybe it was about time Fletcher realized Cody was no longer a Goddamned two-year-old, but a man who got hard-ons and fucked.



Although, Cody wasn't yet prepared to let his father know just what it was Cody did fuck.

Taking a big breath, Cody stepped forward, slipped his key in the lock and turned it. The door came open. Cody slipped inside. Cody paused. He listened. He didn't hear anything except for the large clock ticking in the living room.

Maybe he was going to be lucky.

Cody took the stairs two at a time, except when he wanted to avoid a step he knew from past experience was creaky. He made the landing at the top, pausing when the floor squeaked beneath his feet.

After another gulp of breath, Cody once again began a stealthy approach to his bedroom. He wondered why his heart was beating so hard and fast.

Anyone would have thought Fletcher took a strap to his son at every opportunity. When, in fact, Cody couldn't remember the last time his father had touched him. Fletcher's beatings were usually verbal.

Although, as of late, there had certainly been more than enough of those.

Cody opened his bedroom door, quite expecting his father to be standing there. Fletcher wasn't. The room was quite empty, just as Cody had left it the afternoon before.

Although the bed wasn't made (Cody only made it when it became absolutely necessary), Cody mussed it even further, wanting it to at least look slept in.

Quickly, Cody began to undress. He figured he was pretty safe at this point. If his father came in, it wouldn't be plain whether Cody was undressing or dressing. Cody could pretend he was just getting up.

However, Cody managed his strip with no interruptions. His nakedness, on the other hand, exposed him to other dangers. His crotch and belly hair was filled with dandruff-like flakes of dried cum. His father, who had probably

more than once had his own cum dried on his belly, would recognize such evidence in a minute. Therefore, once naked, he headed directly for the bathroom off his bedroom and stepped into the shower before he had even turned on the water.

Standing out of the way, Cody turned hot and cold faucets and adjusted the water temperature. He then hurriedly stepped into the spray, definitely relieved when his dried cum dissolved in the water and began its journey down the drain.

Cody reached for the soap in the niche and pulled it away to lather both his hands. Stepping so the water splashed only his back and ass, Cody finger painted his chest and belly with rich soap suds.

The hot water felt good, damned good! It washed away all that was left of the exhaustion brought on by the activities of the night before. Jesus, but Philip had been one hot and horny sonofabitch, hadn't he?

Cody spread more lather through his fingers, putting the soap back into its niche. He reached for his cock and covered his cock and balls with bubbly whiteness. Cody was frankly surprised his fingers were actually manipulating his prick into an erection.

"Jesus, I thought you had been fucked to death," Cody said, his cock going harder as Cody pulled back his foreskin to clean beneath it.

"Miracles, it would seem, are still happening, even in this day and age."

Cody dropped his left hand to his balls, cupping them. He rolled his nuts within his soapy ringers.

"Any cum left in there?" Cody asked, almost laughing when he realized he was carrying on a running conversation with his balls.

Cody's left hand scooted deeper beneath his nuts, his fuck finger traveling all of the way to his ass hole. The rush of water, however, streamlining down Cody's back and flushing along the crease of Cody's ass, made Cody withdraw his finger. While he often got an additional charge in jamming his

finger up his asshole, his asshole wasn't about to give any easy admission to an unlubricated finger.

Cody wrapped his hand around his upthrusting cock, stroking it. He left his left hand on his nuts, gently massaging his tender, cum-bulged containers.

"What in the hell are you doing, stud?" Cody asked himself. It seemed hardly possible but he was preparing to jack off, wasn't he? Hell, hadn't he gotten enough last night?

Actually, Cody didn't know how he could even get hard, but he was. And, since he was hard, he knew the best way to get soft. Besides, he always enjoyed beating his own meat. Who better knew how to please himself than himself?

Preseminal juices beaded within Cody's cock mouth and then came loose and overflowing. Cody, at the apex of his upstroke, used the heel of his thumb to mingle those clear, natural lubricating juices with the soap slick already glossing his cock shaft and gripping fist.

Cody gave his big nuts another squeeze, enjoying the resulting dull ache that oozed upward into the base of his belly.

"Mmmmmmmmm," he mumbled in appreciation, becoming quite caught up in the pleasure resulting from what he was doing.

Cody widened his stance in the shower stall, his toes curling into the water sheeting the wet tiling. He bent his legs slightly at the knees and began a decided fucking swing with his hips.

As much as his cock had been worked over by Philip, Cody could hardly believe how quickly his pleasure was mounting.

He began beating harder and faster. At the same time, his left hand was elevating his nuts so that each downward slide of his fist squashed his balls.

"Yea... yea," Cody told himself, shutting his eyes and imagining Philip once again burying his vacuuming, warm mouth all the way down over his cock.

"Eat it... stud. Jesus, eat it!"

Cody's right hand was pounding... pounding... pounding. His sexual juices, mixed with soap, were slicking his hard prick.

"Stud... stud... stud," Cody voiced, hearing his words come out in a low moan from his throat. He corkscrewed his fist down all the way to the bottom of his upjetting cock meatiness.

Within his left hand, Cody's scrotum was contracting around his cum-bulged balls. His lower body weaved and pumped in an obscene grind, fucking his hand.

Cody was getting all the right responses. He was receiving all the right warnings.

"Not far off, are you, stud?" Cody asked himself, knowing his cock and his nuts were priming. "Not far off at all."

Inside Cody's fisted right hand, his cock pulsed, forcing his fingers to open even further. Inside his balls, the thick cum bulged to the limit and then burst free.

"Ugh!" Cody grunted as his cum ripped free. "Ugggghhhhhh!"

Hot, creamy cum shot through the shaft and spouted in thick gobs from his pulsing cock. Cody's right hand twisted, sending his cum in streamers of erupted ooze into the air. The airborne cum eventually landed on the tile of the floor in messy splatters that were quickly washed away.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Fletcher had a hard-on. He had a big hard-on, leaking juices into the crotch of his cupping underwear.

The fact that his prick was stiff was interesting to the man. Because Fletcher knew why his cock was hard.

Fletcher's cock was hard because he knew what his son was doing there in the shower. The opaque quality of the shower door didn't entirely mask what was happening behind the glass. Fletcher could see the hazy flesh tones of his son's muscled body. He could see the blurred whipping of Cody's fist up and back along the youngster's stiff prick inches.

And if the visuals weren't enough, what about the sounds: Cody's grunts, Cody's groans, Cody's undecipherable words lost within the pounding sound of the spray?

Oh, yes, Fletcher knew what his son was doing. What was so interesting was that Cody's masturbation had gotten Fletcher all hot and horny.

He turned from the bathroom door, crossed the length of Cody's bedroom and stepped out into the hall. He closed the door behind him.

Fletcher had come into Cody's room to give the kid hell. He didn't know what time Cody had gotten home, but it had been damned late. Fletcher hadn't gotten home until after twelve, and Cody hadn't been there yet.

Fletcher had had all intentions of staying awake to confront Cody upon the boy's final arrival. However, Fletcher's session with Tyler had obviously taken more out of him than he had originally imagined.

"Fletcher," the man told himself, "you are definitely not as young as you once were."

Having heard the sound of the shower, Fletcher had gone to Cody's room to find out where in the hell he had been. More and more often, Cody was

staying out late. The streets were no place for any kid late at night.

Fletcher bet if Cody's mother were still alive he would be home and in bed when he should have been.

"Don't be an ass!" Fletcher told himself, entering his own bedroom and shutting and locking the door behind him.

Fletcher hadn't known Cody was going to be jacking off in the shower.

But, since the kid had been beating off, it wasn't any big mystery why Fletcher's cock was so hard. Fletcher liked attractive young men, and Cody was an exceptionally attractive young man. Any gay would have had to be made of brick not to have gotten hard via the voyeuristic turn-on of seeing an attractive young stud getting himself off in the shower.

That wasn't to insinuate that Cody was in any danger of getting raped by his old man. Hell, no! Not that Fletcher was naturally turned off by prospects of incest, after he thought about it. Shit, no! Incest taboos were all mixed up with tribe-survival bullshit back in the days when no broad could afford to risk having any idiot offsprings. Well, there was no baby going to take root up either a father or his son's sterile ass hole, was there? Shit, no!

As a matter of fact, if Cody were gay, Fletcher would have had few qualms in rationalizing father-son sex. After all, there was one hell of a lot Fletcher could teach any kid.

But, there was no doubt in Fletcher's mind that Cody was straight. And, there was nothing Fletcher would have done in a million years to turn Cody from straight to gay. The world, after all, remained a basically heterosexual one, didn't it? So, why give Cody any more trouble? It was going to be hard enough for Cody to accept his father's gayness, if and when he found out about it, without Fletcher initiating any program to give him any peeks at the pleasures of homosexuality.

Although dressed, Fletcher quickly undressed. He knew, after all, what he was going to do now. His cock was hard, really hard. It seemed more than

likely that, after what he had just witnessed, his prick was going to stay hard if left on its own.

So...

If Fletcher had no intentions of converting his straight son to homosexuality, that didn't keep Fletcher from his fantasies. Fantasies, after all, weren't reality. Pretending sex with Cody was certainly not one in the same thing as having sex with Cody. Shit, the imagination and the real thing were as different as night was different from day.

As a matter of fact, some of Fletcher's best sex had revolved around pretending he was fucking his son. Fletcher had begun his incestuous fantasies shortly after Cody reached puberty. Always a well-built little stud, Cody had really blossomed out into a studly hunk.

Fletcher suspected his sexual attraction for his son also had aspects of narcissism, in that Fletcher saw himself (granted, a younger self, but still himself) every time he looked at Cody. In fact, the narcissistic aspects were possibly even more of a turn-on than the incestuous aspects.

Completely stripped down, Fletcher took a quick few moments to check out his body in the full-length mirror.

"Not too shabby!" he told himself.

As a matter of fact, Fletcher was in damned good shape! That was one advantage of being gay -- the realization that a good body upped your value on the homosexual marketplace. Hell, some of his classmates from high school were gross tubs of lard. Well, Fletcher refused to allow himself to slip to that point. Granted, he usually paid for his sex (and paid damned well), which meant he didn't have to be in as good a shape as he was to get tricks. Still, pay or not, Fletcher liked the feeling he got in knowing even jaded hustlers gave a little more to him for the price than they would have given to a Goddamned fat man. Look at Tyler Balor for instance. There was a real pro who didn't blow his wad for just anybody. But Tyler never failed to get off with Fletcher.

Fletcher languidly pumped his big cock. Leaked juices spilled from his cock head to smear the stiff shaft.

Fletcher stopped his masturbation long enough to go to his bed. He lay on his back, his legs dropped over the end of the mattress. He propped a pillow beneath his head.

Fletcher lifted his legs and let his thighs curve upward over his face.

He dropped his knees down around his ears.

The man lifted his right hand and took hold of his hard cock. He pulled his stiff prick down from his hard belly, feeling the decided pull of its rigidity at the base.

Fletcher licked his tongue out. The man tasted his own juices. While licking, he pumped his cock, milking even more tasty liquid.

By the solid state of his prick, it hardly seemed possible that the cock had so recently had such a workout up Tyler Balor's asshole. Usually, Fletcher could have counted on a few days after a good fuck before his prick got painfully hard again. But it was very seldom Fletcher came across quite the excitement of watching his son's muscular -- if blurred

-- body jacking off in the shower.

Fletcher opened his mouth around the fat, pulpy head of his cock. He bounced his back on the bed in order to work his cock even deeper between his open lips.

Looking up, he could see, the whole run of his eleven cock inches. He could also see the one blue vein that snaked along the side of his fat prick. His healthy balls hung down along the underside of his cock.

He relaxed his spine a bit more. Another inch of cock thrust into his mouth.

Fletcher oiled his lips to keep his cock securely in place. He wrapped both of his ham-like hands around his ass. He clamped his fingers into his ass



buns, pulling to bow his pelvis even nearer to his face. Fletcher was, thus, able to suck up even more of his hard prick.

Fletcher enjoyed screwing his cock up his mouth and throat. Not only did it allow him to better instruct others how to suck him off, but it gave him invaluable practice in becoming an expert cock sucker on others.

Fletcher had graduated from simple masturbation as soon as he had discovered he could touch his tongue to his cock head. Considering the size of Fletcher's cock and the fact Fletcher had taken gymnastics in junior high school, that tongue-to-cock discovery had come damned early.

In fact, Fletcher had so early become an expert on his own cock, his first suck off by another guy had proved somewhat of a disappointment.

Since then, however, Fletcher had discovered there were thousands of cock suckers out there -- some better, some worse in the job they could do in comparison to his own mouth on his cock.

He sucked his cheeks inward, concaving them against the cock in his mouth. His tongue whipped his prick, curling sensuously around it.

Fletcher worked his left fuck finger deep into the crease of his ass and began to pet his ass pucker. Realizing his asshole was still too dry for a successful finger fuck, Fletcher brought his finger into his mouth with his cock, where he sucked on it. Fletcher's finger was as big as an average-sized cock. The man goosed his finger with spit. He put his fuck finger back on his ass hole and pushed it in through his guarding sphincter.

"HMMMMMMMM," Fletcher hummed around his prick, imagining it was Cody's cock and not his own finger which was then shoving up his tight asshole.

Fletcher sucked on his stiff prick, tasting the resulting new deluge of juice.

His left hand, with its fuck finger jabbed up Fletcher's ass, kept Fletcher's butt firmly in place. He slipped his other hand down beneath his belly to

grip the heavy nuts. He began massaging his balls, squeezing them like only he knew how.

Slowly and easily, Fletcher sucked on his large, stiff cock. He worked his prick with his lips, masturbating with his tongue. As he sucked, more and more of his prick successfully disappeared into the taut oval of his mouth.

Fletcher's left fuck finger screwed even deeper up his asshole. His knuckles squashed the ass buns even further apart.

Fuck me, stud, Son! Fletcher commanded himself, sucking even more heartily on his cock. His mental command caused a noticeable trembling of his cock. If possible, Fletcher's prick grew even harder than it already had been.

He finally was able to slip his lips all the way down to the very base of his cock.

Fletcher shifted his hips over his face. His cock stirred in his mouth, becoming more and more slick with spit. Buried deeply down the throat, the cock head released more and more preseminal juices.

Fuck your father's ass, Cody! Fletcher mentally commanded. His finger corkscrewed like a real cock up his asshole. Fletcher's cock corkscrewed down his throat.

Fletcher let his cock begin slipping free of his month. He unbowed his hips far enough so that his mouth could progress from cock base to cock head. Fletcher's ovaled lips sucked the deep groove at the knob.

Fletcher dipped his hips down again, once more shoving the cock into velvety mouth wetness. Simultaneously, his fuck finger was beginning a more thorough screw of his asshole.

Like fucking your old man's ass, don't you, kid? Fletcher silently asked his conjured lover. Like fucking while your old man fucks his face with his hard, stiff cock.

Giving himself up to what he was doing to himself, Fletcher felt everything focusing in on the pleasure flooding his consciousness.

He continued to eat. Me continued to lick. He continued to savor his own sexual tastes.

Fletcher's balls were really cum-bulged by now.

"Grrrunngghrrrr!" he growled over his prick, thoroughly enjoying the resulting vibrations.

Fletcher's masculine body was becoming glossed with perspiration that stuck his ass hair to the crease of his ass and stuck his chest and belly hair to the man's muscled chest and belly. Fletcher would have to shower afterwards, but he didn't much care.

He did his best to prolong the buildup of pleasure, delighting in the continued feel and taste of his cock. Even more enjoyable, though, was his continued fantasy that he wasn't alone on the bed, that he had his handsome son laboring over him, Cody's stiff prick buried to Cody's cum-flooded balls up Fletcher's tugging asshole.

But, the ending was bound to come eventually. The reality and fantasy were just too pleasurable to be put off indefinitely.

Still, Fletcher fought for continued control, even going so far as to use his teeth on his prick to forestall his orgasm. It was all pretty futile, considering the state of excitement he had built to.

"Fuck me, stud, Son!" Fletcher grunted around his priming prick. "Fuck your daddy to creaming!"

Fletcher's fuck finger screwed into place one final time and stayed there. Fletcher's mind registered one hasty approach of an ejaculation.

"Uggggghhhagghhh!" fetcher gasped as shock wave after shock wave of ecstasy rocked his body.

He spasmed on the bed, his balls spewing deluge after deluge of wet-warm cum into his violently sucking mouth and throat.

Fletcher's eyes blurred with dilating pleasure. The man felt as if he were suddenly sucking his guts out of belly and through the vomiting mouth of his erection.

"Eat me, Son!" Fletcher growled, his words undecipherable as they emerged through a gargling of Fletcher's blasting sperm.

He savored each and every blast of sinus-burning cum that shot loose and drowned his mouth, throat, and inner belly. He sucked until his cum was all gone, until even his balls had been depleted of the tardy cum that usually remained hidden within them.

Finally, reluctantly, Fletcher pulled his finger out of his asshole, hoping for more juices to result as he did so. He then spit out his cock and slowly came unrolled. As he did the latter, he noticed his spine was a little stiff. He was about due for another workout at the gym. He'd been a little lax lately, which wasn't good. At his age, once you started to fall apart, you could do so fucking fast.

Lying flat on the bed. Fletcher listened. At first, all he could bear was his own heavy breathing. When that finally lowered to normal, he couldn't hear anything. Cody was obviously out of the shower.

Fletcher shut his eyes, the taste of his cum still heavy on his tongue.

Between his legs, his cock had gone soft, its pulpy head once again wrapped by bulky foreskin. His balls, still large, despite their recent draining of cum, drooped between his opened thighs.

"Jesus!" Fletcher said, coming to a sitting position. The stiffness in his neck only reaffirmed that it was about time he went down for a really good workout. Maybe even a good massage.

Fletcher padded bare-assed into his bathroom and took a shower. Finished, he dressed. He could have gone directly to Cody's room in just a robe, but

Fletcher wasn't taking any chances. Just thinking of Cody jerking off in that shower could make his cock begin a new stirring. Hiding a boner in his pants was one thing. Trying to hide it in just his robe would have been quite another matter.

However, by the time Fletcher was showered and dressed, Cody had left the house.

"Damn it!" Fletcher cursed, standing in Cody's empty bedroom. Discarded clothes and a couple damp towels gave indication of Cody's recent occupancy.

On the other hand, Fletcher was actually glad Cody was gone, if just because it allowed for the postponement of yet another father-son confrontation. It seemed every time Fletcher was turning around any more he was reaming Cody out for one thing or another. But, Jesus, it was about time the kid decided what he was going to do with his life.

Fletcher wanted Cody to go on to college. Cody didn't seem too excited by that prospect.

"I just want a little time to get my head together, okay?" Cody had said

-- and still said -- whenever Fletcher tried to pin the studly little bastard down.

Well, Fletcher had about decided that, whether he wanted to or not, Cody was going to have to get his ass in gear and decide upon doing something besides spending his days and much of his nights on the streets. Although Cody hadn't gotten into any trouble with the police, there was always a first time for everything. And, every moment Cody spent out there, doing whatever he was doing, was only tempting fate.

Fletcher walked over to his son's bed and picked up a pair of discarded undershorts. He grabbed the white cotton in his right hand and brought the crumpled material to his nose. He smelled the shorts.

Inside Fletcher's pants, his cock began a renewed swelling toward erection.

## CHAPTER FIVE

"Jesus, what happened to you?" Cody asked. "Hey, stud!" Tyler said by way of initial greeting, stepping back to let Cody into the apartment. He then proceeded to comment on Cody's particular form of greeting. "Real shiner, no?"

"Real shiner, yes!" Cody said, moving in closer to take a look at the black eye.

"My doctor informs me it will all go away in a couple more days."

"So, who laid this on you?" Cody asked. He had his suspicions, but he wanted to hear it from the horse's mouth. Although Cody had heard some pretty nasty stories of hustlers getting set upon on the streets, nothing serious had ever happened to Cody or to anyone he knew personally.

"You wouldn't believe it," Tyler said, plopping down in a chair and deciding he was really touched by Cody's concern, although it was obvious what Cody was thinking. Cody was well off the mark.

"Why don't you try me?" Cody suggested, sitting down in the chair across from his friend.

"I tripped on a Goddamned curb and whacked my handsome face against a mailbox."

"That's m-a-l-e box?"

Tyler laughed. He was actually very glad to see Cody. The two saw each other too seldom as of late. But, then, when two guys were working the streets, it was very seldom they could get together.

Cody was one of the few kids Tyler had met hustling the block who he had really taken a shine to. As a matter of fact, Tyler had been so taken by Cody's exceptional good looks (and exceptionally big cock), he had almost

-- almost -- genuinely fallen for the studly bastard. Naturally, Tyler had come to his senses in time. What finally had shaken him back to reality was the money he computed he had lost during those two weeks he had spent time with Cody instead of out hustling his ass on the street corner. Finally, Tyler had simply pulled out of the fuck-every-single-day relationship, introducing Cody to the streets, and -- thank God! --

keeping Cody as a very good friend.

Of course, Tyler knew Cody had never really felt quite about Tyler the way Tyler felt about him. Which probably accounted for their remaining friends. Tyler, with his street awareness, had known damned good and well Cody had simply been looking for somebody, and Tyler had happened to be at the right place at the right time.

Cody had known very little about gay sex when he had met up with Tyler that evening in an all-night diner at which Tyler often stopped off on his way home after a heavy evening. But, Cody had obviously been out to try and find out something about gay sex, that much had been apparent.

Tyler, who knew one hell of a lot about homosexuality, found himself only too willing to act as Cody's teacher. And, Cody had turned out to be one hell of a fast learner.

Actually, had Cody decided to really go at hustling whole-hog, he would probably have offered some stringent competition to Tyler. Cody, however, seemed only to show half-assed interest in the selling of his hunky body.

Tyler didn't know just what Cody was looking for (Cody admitted he really didn't know himself), but it was obvious Cody hadn't found it yet.

"M-a-i-l box," Tyler said. "Admittedly, I was a little pie-eyed at the time."

"You wouldn't shit an old friend, would you?"

Cody asked. He wasn't ready yet to surrender his more exotic explanation of Tyler's condition.

"Let me guess," Tyler said. "You thought one of my johns got a little carried away. Yes?"

"Yes," Cody admitted.

Tyler smiled. He had a nice smile, which was only a part of his total appeal. Besides a nice smile, Tyler had those handsome farm-boy, next-door looks that made him appear exceedingly fresh in a profession where participants got tired and used damned fast. In truth, Tyler had never been within two-hundred miles of any farm. Nor, was he quite sure how he had lucked out with such exceptionally attractive blond good looks. Both his mother and father had been dark-complected. Rather, his mother and his mother's legal husband had been dark-complected. Tyler had later come to suspect his real father had been someone with blond hair and a hard cock who had caught Tyler's mother during one of her frequent ruts.

Obviously his mother's husband had had similar thoughts, because he had eventually ended up deserting mother and son with a parting: "Fuck you and your blond-haired little bastard!"

Well, Tyler had to admit he had made a hell of a lot more on fucking than his poor mother had managed. Wherever his mother was at this time. Tyler had run off and left her the night she had decided to share her son's body with one of her pickups for the evening. Tyler had figured -- and rightly so - - that if anybody was going to make money off his young cock and ass, it was going to be Tyler.

"You think I haven't gotten this far without being careful?" Tyler asked Cody, still pretty sure Cody wasn't accepting the mailbox story, even though it was the real one.

"Everyone can make a mistake now and then," Cody said, still -- as Tyler suspected -- not ready to surrender to the simple and innocuous.

"What was the first thing I told you about getting into a car?" Tyler asked, hooking his left leg over the arm of the chair. The movement exposed the impressive bulge at Tyler's crotch.



"Come on, stud. Or, have you forgotten?"

"Never get into a car with someone I couldn't physically handle in a pinch," Cody obliged.

"So, you think your teacher is going to violate his own cardinal rule?"

"Maybe you got waylaid by some creep in an alley," Cody suggested.

"Come on, Cody!" Tyler said with a genuine laugh. "You think I wouldn't tell you the truth? Why wouldn't I?"

"So, you got drunk and tripped into a mailbox," Cody said, finally able to accept that as a probable fact. He didn't really know why he was so much more willing to accept the worst instead of the silly actuality.

Maybe it was because Cody had -- from the very beginning -- harbored a kind of fear about what he was doing on the streets. And it, perhaps, made him uneasy that the very danger he feared was simultaneously an aphrodisiac to make the eventual sex all that much more exciting.

"And, we've now got all of that out of the way, have we?"

"Guess so."

"And, this is a purely social call, or..."

"Just social. I hadn't seen your fucking face in ages."

"And, it is good to see you, stud," Tyler said. "And, if you don't believe that, then take a look at this and tell me I'm lying." He placed his left hand on his crotch so that his fingers pressed his boner into higher relief beneath his trouser leg.

"You say you've been locked up here for how long with a hard-on, you sex maniac?" Cody asked. His smile got wider. He had always liked Tyler. At first, he had liked him because Cody was sure Fletcher wouldn't have approved. But, Cody had quickly evolved from the original, obviously juvenile rationalization. Now, Cody liked Tyler because Tyler was simply

Tyler. And, Tyler had a way of making Cody feel good -- quite aside from the more-than-good feeling Cody got whenever he and Tyler went to bed.

"I've only been laid up for, a couple of days," Tyler said. "You're lucky you didn't show up a couple of days from now. I would have been so horny I would have raped you first and asked what brought you by later."

"Since when have you ever had to rape anybody?"

"Just last week, I tied a guy to his bed and shoved it to him while he squealed like crazy."

"How much did he pay you for that, I wonder?"

"Trying to figure out whether you're under-charging for the same service?"

"I always refer all of the S and M crowd to you, don't you know?"

"You're missing out on a lucrative source of income, my boy. You really should think seriously of looking into it. There's actually a shortage of hustlers who can adequately cater to the S and M crowd. Or, maybe I should say the B and D crowd. Not that there isn't a shortage of the former, too. But not even yours truly caters to really hard-core tastes."

"There is a difference, then, between S and M and B and D?" Cody asked.

Tyler was the only person Cody knew who seemed to have a working knowledge of the more exotic aspects of homosexuality.

"I suppose it all boils down to a matter of degree," Tyler said. He hadn't removed his hand from his crotch. In fact, his fingers had been busy moving up and down in a gentle massaging action that seemed to have swollen the visible ridge of Tyler's cock to even greater proportions.

"Although, there are people out there in the big, wide world who will tell you they're all one and the same. But even I would think twice before accepting invitations home for an afternoon of S and M. Are you getting the gist?"

"Somehow, I don't think so."

"Then, let's put it this way. I'm not all that fond of black eyes. I'm willing to accept one as the result of an occasional accident. But, I doubt there's enough money to make me get one on a regular basis."

"S and M equals black eyes?"

"And worse, my young stud. Much worse. At least by my definition. Now, bondage and discipline usually equals nothing but a little fun and games."

"It all sounds a little kinky for my taste," Cody admitted.

"No problems if you're sure of all the game players," Tyler said.

"Besides, my clientele isn't usually as careful as I am. Meaning, they most likely oblige by letting me tie them to the bed for fucking. It's only on rare occasions I allow someone to get yours truly slipped into the manacles."

"But, on occasion...?" Cody asked, his pause asking more a question than his, voiced words had.

"On occasion, for a select few, I have been known to..."

Tyler's pause was pregnant with unvoiced data Cody couldn't even begin to insinuate. And, he was curious.

"But, Jesus, why?" Cody wanted to know. "Why?"

"The money?"

"Silly question, buddy. Of course, the money."

"But, something more?"

"Have you ever been tied to a bed, knowing full well you were in someone else's complete control? And then been fucked?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you're missing out on one hell of an experience, stud. One hell of a good experience."

"You're serious?" Cody asked, frankly somewhat aghast. The very idea of being made helpless -- so helpless as to be completely at another person's mercy -- could give Cody chills.

"I'm not saying you should get involved with just any Tom, Dick, or Harry, Cody, my boy. I'm saying you should do it with someone you can trust. Implicitly trust."

"Thanks, but no thanks!"

Tyler eyed Cody in a strange kind of way. A way Cody couldn't immediately put any definition to.

"Come here," Tyler said, unhjooking his leg from the chair arm and coming to his feet. He adjusted his fat prick and gave Cody a funny little smile.

"Come on, Cody."

Tyler led the way into the bedroom and to a chest of drawers. He opened the top drawer and nodded toward the contents.

"Jesus!" Cody mumbled.

"That's a better selection than your local police chief, I'll lay odds,"

Tyler said, flashing another smile.

Tyler reached into the drawer and pulled out one of the several pair of handcuffs. He opened one of the cuffs and wrapped his right wrist with it before snapping it shut. He picked up another pair. On the second pair, he opened a cuff and snapped it shut around his left wrist.

"Now, how do you want me?" Tyler asked. "Belly up, or belly down?"

"Tyler, what in the shit are you up to?"

"I trust you, Cody," Tyler said. "What does that tell you?"

Cody wondered if he looked as dumbfounded as he felt.

"I trust you so much," Tyler said, "I'm going to let you handcuff me to that bed of mine and do whatever you want to me. Fuck me, or even give me another black eye. Handcuffed to my bed, I'm not going to be able to stop you from doing whatever you want, am I?"

"You have to be kidding!"

"Of course, I'm rather counting on your opting for the fuck rather than the second black eye. I mean, I'm losing enough money already because of this shiner, without being laid up any more days with another one."

"Tyler, this isn't very funny," Cody said, accompanying with a laugh that was uneasy in its absence of humor.

"Of course it isn't funny," Tyler agreed, his genuine smile belying his statement. "That means you're an exceptionally fast study. Because no one you'll be dealing with is going to think it's a joke, either. So, you always play it straight, right, Cody?"

"What in the hell are you talking about? What is all of this shit? I'm not going to be dealing with anyone screwed up with bondage and discipline hangups!"

"But, you're already dealing with one, aren't you, stud?" Tyler said, jiggling his cuffs.

"For Christ's sake, Tyler!"

"And, just think of the possibilities I will be opening for you if you end up enjoying this," Tyler said. "A stud like you could be in very big demand on the B and D circuit, Cody."

"Tyler, I..."

"Have a hard-on, don't you," Tyler interrupted. "There's no missing you when you've got that cock of yours in erection, stud. Isn't that what I told you the very first night I met you? It was your hard cock that gave your

needs away that night, Cody. And, it's your hard cock which is giving you away now, too. You're not going to be silly enough to try and deny your cock is stiff, are you?"

How in the hell could Cody deny it? He did have a hard-on. He had one hell of a hard-on! Just like he had had one that night in the diner when Tyler had come over, sat down, and asked Cody if he wanted to go home.

"I'm not a Goddamned faggot!" Cody had said then. But Tyler had obviously known better, hadn't he? And Tyler knew better now.

Tyler walked over to the bed and lay down on it. He rolled to his belly and extended both of his arms toward the headboard.

"You can see where the cuffs attach, stud," Tyler informed. "Can't you?"

"Tyler, I..." Cody began and stopped. He was beginning to sweat. He could feel the dampness gathering in the hair beneath his armpits. He tried again.

"Tyler, I..."

"I trust you, Cody," Tyler said. "Don't tell me you're afraid you can't trust yourself. Come on, Cody," Tyler insisted. "Fasten the handcuffs, to the bed, stud. Pull off my pants. Rape your giant cock up my asshole."

Cody walked closer to the bed.

"That's it, Cody," Tyler encouraged.

Cody fastened one of the cuffs to the headboard. He walked around the bed but hesitated in affixing the second cuff.

"Do it!" Tyler commanded. "Do it now!"

Cody did it and then stepped back. He couldn't believe he had done what he had just done.

"You've got a hard-on, stud," Tyler said. "Why don't you pull it out so the both of us can see it? It's not, after all, going to do either of us much damned good locked up in your pants, is it?"

Cupped within the crotch of Cody's trousers, his hard prick pulsed and leaked a mess of sticky preseminal juice.

Cody walked to the nearest chair and sat down. He took off one boot and then the other. He took off his sweat socks. He stood, unbuttoned his shirt and took it off. He peeled his T-shirt up over his head. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly, dropped his pants.

"Yes, stud," Tyler said, licking his lips at the sight of the thick ridge Cody's prick was making in the front of his underpants. The cotton crotch was sopped with Cody's leaked jism.

"Luscious prick," Tyler observed. His head was turned in Cody's direction. "Pull that luscious prick all the way out. Butter it with all that goo wasted already in your underpants, and ram it up my ass!"

Cody dropped the last piece of his clothing, freeing his prick which was already webbed in a sticky cocoon of ooze.

Cody stood uncertain, as if he really didn't know what to do now. He felt somewhat like a novice -- as if this were his very first fuck and no one had ever bothered to tell him how to go about it. However, if Cody was at a temporary loss, Tyler wasn't. Tyler, now seeing Cody's massive prick lifted in front of Cody's muscled belly, knew just exactly what he wanted

-- all eleven inches of Cody's fatly erected prick.

"There's a switchblade in the second dresser drawer, beneath the socks,"

Tyler said, his own cock hard beneath his belly.

"A switchblade?" Cody asked. Already confused, being informed where there was a knife seemed to make no sense at all.

"Use it to cut off my pants," Tyler instructed, as if he were an old hand at this sort of thing. Actually, he had never had anyone with a knife while he was helpless. However, something about that idea could now thoroughly excite him. "Slice off my trousers and bare my ass for fucking, stud. I'm not

wearing any underpants. There's nothing between my naked ass and your hard cock that knife can't cut away in a couple of fast seconds."

"Jesus, Tyler, a fucking knife?"

"A fucking cock," Tyler corrected. "It's your cock that's going to do all of the fucking. Now, go get the knife, Cody. It'll make this screw one of the best you've ever had. Believe me."

Something about a knife in the dresser drawer sent chills up and down Cody's spine. What, after all, if it hadn't been Cody there in the room?

What if it were someone else? Some lunatic? Some crazy shit who would have taken advantage of Tyler's vulnerability?

"Come on, Cody," Tyler cajoled. "At this rate, I'm going to cream my jeans before you even touch me."

"But, a Goddamned knife, Tyler?" Cody asked. Had he asked that before?

"I'm wearing an old pair of pants," Tyler said, wondering if a bit of levity wouldn't speed things up a bit. "I've been trying to think of some excuse to get rid of them for ages now. Do me the favor of giving me that excuse, will you?"

Cody got another shudder, but he walked around the bed to the dresser. As he did so, his hard cock weaved back and forth, his cock juices leaking, his cock head slicking his black belly hair with preseminal slime. The hair haloing Cody's belly button was quickly beaded with sticky, clear liquid.

"Second drawer," Tyler instructed, working his belly into the bed so that his stiff prick was being masturbated between his thigh and the mattress.

"Beneath the socks."

Cody found it. It had a white pearl handle.

"Now, bring it over here and cut off my pants," Tyler said. Although Cody hadn't yet produced the knife, Tyler could tell from his expression that he



had found it.

Cody picked up the knife, activated the release switch and watched as the wicked blade seemingly appeared from nowhere. The polished steel caught the light from the overhead fixture and reflected it blindingly into Cody's black eyes.

"See how easy," Tyler said, his cheek on the bed, his head turned in Cody's direction. "See how easy that was. And, it's going to be even easier to cut off my pants, because that is one hell of a sharp blade, buddy. Take my word for it."

Cody, knife in hand, turned back to Tyler. And, at that moment, Cody was quite convinced there had to be something desperately wrong with Tyler to have maneuvered them both to this point. It was only Cody's good sense of right from wrong which kept him from walking over to the bed and sticking the knife deep into Tyler's back.

Cody began to wonder if his first suspicions about the origin of Tyler's blackened eye hadn't been correct after all. Hell, Tyler had simply had a run-in with one of his freakier clients, right? A mailbox? Hell, the mailbox story had to be a lark!

"Come on, Cody," Tyler said. "I'm hot and horny, and my butt is just aching to be fucked by your monster cock."

Yet, despite all of Cody's misgivings, he had to admit that all of this was decidedly erotic. There was something about Tyler handcuffed to the bed, something about the switchblade in Cody's hand, something about the whole scenario, which just made Cody's cock get stiffer... and stiffer...

and stiffer.

Besides, why in the hell was Cody making such a Goddamned fucking big deal out of a little harmless game playing? And, yes, it was harmless.

The knife wasn't dangerous as long as the guy using it wasn't a loon.

And, Cody sure as hell wasn't off his noodle. Cody was a completely rational young man who wasn't about to hurt anyone. Tyler knew that. It was time Cody woke up to that fact, too.

Cody walked over to the bed and sat down on the edge of it, the knife in his right hand, his left hand resting on Tyler's ass.

"You are really trussed up there, aren't you, sonny?" Cody said, trying to get the correct feel as to how the game was played. "I doubt you'll be going much of anywhere before I decide to let you go, now, will you?"

"That's the way, Cody," Tyler encouraged. Hell, Cody had needed a little coaxing, but he was finally coming through. Just as Tyler had always known he would. "You're the Goddamned master, Cody. And you've got to learn how to act like one. The bastard slaves who are going to get all hot and bothered by your tying them to the bed don't want their master being anything but one know-it-all stud."

"You want fucked, shit head?" Cody asked. He felt a new gushing of cum bubbling free of his cock mouth.

"I'm your slave, Cody," Tyler said. "Ask your slave if he wants fucked.

Ask your slave if he wants to get your big cock rammed deep inside his butt. Then, tell him that it doesn't make one hell of a difference what he wants. What counts is what you plan to give him. And, you plan to give him plenty."

"I'm going to fuck your muscle-bound ass, slave," Cody said. "Yep, I certainly am going to do that."

With his left hand, Cody pinched, up a piece of pants material on the back of Tyler's right thigh. Twisting his body, Cody put the point of the sharp switchblade to the tented material and punctured Tyler's trousers.

"I'm going to cut this pair of pants right off your tight ass," Cody said. "I'm going to lay bare your muscled buns for my muscled prick. And, Jesus, but your ass and my cock are going to make some mighty fine music."

"Anything," Tyler said. "Anything you want. I'm your slave. You're my master."

Leaving the knife point thrust into the hole made in Tyler's pants, Cody turned the blade so that its blunted edge rested against the back of Tyler's thigh. Cody pushed the knife upward along the back of Tyler's leg, the sharp edge of the knife blade slicing the material it plowed against.

Holding the material stretched taut with his left hand, Cody pushed the knife up over Tyler's right buttock to the point where his belt held the boy's pants secure around his waist. At that point, Cody removed the blade and repeated the same procedure upward along the back of Tyler's left leg, to Tyler's left ass bun and beyond. Cody then cut a line parallel to Tyler's waist that joined the two original cuts together at their upper edges.

What had resulted from the cutting was a flap over Tyler's ass. Lifting the upper portion of that flap, and peeling it back, Cody revealed the total expanse of Tyler's bared ass.

Tyler's ass flesh was white in contrast to the tanned flesh also revealed by Cody's cutting.

"So, this is what slave ass looks like," Cody said. "So, this is what a slave's master gets to fuck. Nice, if I do say so. But, then, you can tell from the hardness of my cock just how nice this master thinks this slave's ass is, can't you?"

"Don't rape me," Tyler said, deciding to change his tune to make the game even more interesting. He had no doubt whatsoever that Cody would have the ability to follow right along. Cody was a quick study. Cody had an intuitive feel for things that only needed to be coaxed a little to bring it to the surface.

"You ever had your ass raped, slave?" Cody asked, following Tyler's lead, just as Tyler had known he would. "It feels good -- slave ass getting raped by hard, master cock. It feels damned good."

"You're too big," Tyler said with such genuine feeling he could almost have Cody convinced of his fear. However, Cody told himself that he knew better. Tyler had gotten Cody's big cock shoved up his asshole often enough so both Cody and Tyler knew that -- as large as Cody's prick might admittedly be -- it wasn't too large for what they had in mind.

"What's a little split ass for the pleasure you're bound to get from it?"

Cody asked. He shifted his position on the bed slightly, stretching to place the switchblade on the bedside table.

"Please don't," Tyler said, doing an expert job of feigning fear. "Jesus, please, don't rape me."

"You want raped, slave, bastard!" Cody told him. "You know you want it."

"No!" Tyler protested.

"Well, what the slave wants doesn't count for too much in the long run, does it?" Cody said, crawling up on the bed and sitting astride the back of Tyler's thighs.

Cody spit into his right hand and then grabbed his cock to smear its length with saliva. He then forced his prick down from its natural upjutting position, finding it so stiff that it felt almost as if his cock were prepared to break off at its base if he tried to force it any further.

Cody placed the tip of his prick to the small of Tyler's back, leaving pecker tracks on Tyler's belt and on that stretch of Tyler's trousers remaining attached to the boy's belt loops. Cody milked his cock head for more juice, then worked it downward into Tyler's ass crack in search of the awaiting pucker.

"Oh, Jesus, no... no... no," Tyler moaned, giving bounces of his lower body that had Cody feeling as if he were momentarily perched atop a bucking horse. Tyler's jerks, however, as Cody very well noted, weren't as violent as they would have been under real conditions. After all, his legs weren't tied to anything, were they?

Using his left hand, Cody pried open Tyler's ass crack to completely bare the dime-sized wrinkle of Tyler's pucker. Once revealed, it was easy for Cody's cock head to find it.

"Jesus, too big!" Tyler groaned. "Too fucking... big!"

Cody leaned forward, exerting enough pressure to cause Tyler's asshole opening to begin its yawn. The rocket-like head of Cody's cock sunk deeper, making Tyler's asshole oval wider... wider... wider.

"Ungh!" Tyler grunted, feeling Cody's complete cock head insert within his asshole.

"See?" Cody said, placing his hands on the bed, one to either side of Tyler's body. "Nothing is going to rip, slave, bastard!"

"Tooooo... big!" Tyler insisted in contradiction. And, there was no denying Cody's prick was a big one. "You're too fucking big!"

"No," Cody told him, his hips lowering to add more cock shaft into Tyler's asshole.

Tyler's gripping ass sphincter was so tight it forced Cody's loose foreskin back even further along the shaft.

Cody's spit transferred from cock to asshole, right along with those juices leaking profusely from Cody's cock head. The initial penetration would be the hardest to achieve. After that, there would be sufficient lubricant smeared in Tyler's asshole to make for some long and smooth pumps of Cody's cock. Cody knew. He had been this route before.

Or, had he? Certainly he had fucked Tyler's ass before. But, under these particular set of circumstances? No, not quite! Cody had never had Tyler handcuffed to the bed. Cody had never cut off Tyler's pants with a switchblade.

No, this wasn't anywhere near the same! Not the same at all! And, there was something about the pleasure, too, which was different. More intense?

More defined? More what? It was hard to decide, except that it was unique. Cody had to admit that much.

Cody leaned his body over Tyler's back. His hips fell closer to Tyler's ass, his cock sinking deeper into the asshole.

"Oh, Jesus, fuck!" Tyler moaned, jiggling very much like a fish out of water, each jiggle securing Cody's cock even more snugly into position up Tyler's clutching butt.

Against his lower belly, Cody felt the muscled mounds of Tyler's ass cheeks. Cody's black pubic hair pressed lattice-like designs in Tyler's ass buns, and mingled with the blond ones lining his a crack.

"It hurts," Tyler said lowly. His voice sounded decidedly breathless, punctuated with what appeared to be genuine groans of agony.

"Bullshit!" Cody told him. Yet, he could appreciate the excellent act Tyler was putting out on his behalf. How well Tyler must have performed for his paying clientele. Cody could imagine Tyler doing just as well in his role of top man. Yes, Cody suspected anyone, whether slave or master, would set more than his money's worth from Tyler.

Cody began raising his hips, his cock slipping outward. The ecstasy from the glide of flesh against flesh was excruciating, and the fuck had hardly just begun. For just an instant, Cody thought he might come right then and there. And, wasn't that a strange possibility? Even in his earliest sexual experiences, Cody had never been bothered with threats of premature ejaculation. So, what was there about this screw which could so fast key Cody to the point of orgasm?

Cody shut his eyes, willing himself to fight down his urgent need to climax. Not that it would really have made any difference if he had blasted. One climax, after all, was seldom enough to make Cody call it an evening. Still, it would have been a little embarrassing, wouldn't it?

Cody no longer liked to think of himself as a sexual neophyte. And Tyler certainly no longer looked on Cody as a novice. As a matter of fact, it might

have almost been worth a premature ejaculation to witness Tyler's surprised reaction.

"Yesssssss!" Tyler hissed, feeling his ass gripping only Cody's cock head. Tyler was anxious to once again have the total cock buried up his butt. As if to speed up the process, Tyler hunched his ass upward beneath Cody's overhanging, belly. The maneuver managed to let his asshole gobble up six of Cody's eleven cock inches.

The surprise of losing half of his prick up Tyler's asshole almost sent Cody over the brink. It took all of Cody's concentration to keep, his cum contained within his sperm-ballooned balls.

"Anxious, aren't you, slave, bastard?" Cody asked through gritted teeth.

"Fuck me!" Tyler groaned. If having just Cody's cock head had made Tyler desire Cody's total cock length, then having half of Cody's prick really made Tyler's needs swell. "Fuck me, master! Fuck me!"

"No longer so concerned about the possibility of a ripped ass, are you, slave?" Cody observed, feeling the sweat making his ass cheeks stick together.

Without waiting for any reply, Cody jabbed his cock all of the way up Tyler's asshole. He was pleased that his urge to come was momentarily passed. Cody felt more than confident, now, that he was going to be able to continue to complete his role of experienced master, fucking his slave's asshole raw before finally shooting that same asshole full of soothing jizz.

Cody revolved his hips in order to stir his cock into place. Then, still in the process of twisting his prick, Cody drew it outward. He rammed it home.

Again.

Cody's cock coasted in to his fat balls, his hard belly slapping once again into Tyler's butt.

Inside Tyler's ass, Cody's pulpy cock head rammed Tyler's prostate, milking that small gland for a new gushing of goo that flowed free from Tyler's cock mouth, adding to the smear on Tyler's pants crotch.

"Master, fuck slave ass!" Tyler commanded, rolling his hips. "Fuck my slave ass... Jesus, master."

Cody let his chest fail to Tyler's back. Keeping his chest in place, his nipples hard against Tyler's shirt, Cody continued to move his hips. Up and down... up and down... up and down over Tyler's ass. Cody's cock continued to move in and out... in and out... in and out of Tyler's gripping asshole.

"I'll fuck you all right," Cody told him. "Jesus, Goddamned, yes, I'll screw you."

Cody didn't know when he had ever felt quite so excited about a fuck.

Possibly not since that very first time with Tyler. Yes, maybe that had been similar. But, despite all, of the sex Cody had been part of between then and now, nothing had matched his initiation into gay sex until this very moment.

"Your cock still hard, slave, bastard?" Cody asked suddenly. "Your prick still stiff in your pants as it was when I first came in?"

Without waiting for Tyler's answer, Cody worked his hands down beneath Tyler's belly to Tyler's crotch.

Tyler's cock was hard all right! There was no doubt about that. Tyler's prick was a stiff ridge, so swollen within his confining pants leg it seemed prepared to stretch the material to ripping.

"Let's get that monster cock of yours out of there, slave," Cody said.

"This master wants to give this slave a fist to fuck."

Cody's hips pulled up. Tyler raised his belly off the bed to give Cody's right hand access to the zipper.



Tyler's pants crotch came open, and Cody's right hand fished in to take hold of the base of the stiff prick.

Cody succeeded in pulling Tyler's prick free. It whipped to immediate attention, jutting parallel, out along Tyler's stomach.

Cody didn't stop there. His right hand scooped back into Tyler's pants and cupped the bulbous balls. Cody pulled Tyler's balls out into the open. The nut-filled scrotum bagged slightly, already having contracted with the pleasure.

Cody pulled his hips back further. His hands moved to Tyler's hipbones, tugging to bring Tyler even further toward a kneeling position. With his wrists handcuffed to the bed, his face stayed pressed to the pillow while his ass was thrust up to give Cody even greater access to it.

Cody's right hand fisted Tyler's cock length. Cody's left hand clutched Tyler's nuts. Cody's thick, stiff cock began a steady fucking of Tyler's juice-smeared asshole.

"Aaaaagggghhhungh!" Tyler moaned into the sheet. His mouth drooled spit to form a runny dark spot. His whole body vibrated, almost slapped back to a belly-down position on the bed as Cody gave another massive fuck stroke to pound his muscular belly hard against the muscular ass.

Cody's balls were jerking upward toward the base of his fucking cock, hoisted there by the ecstasy that continued its spiral through his body.

Cody began a pumping cadence of his fist over Tyler's cock to coincide with the pumping rhythm of prick within asshole.

"Fuck slave!" Cody grunted. "Beat a slave's big cock!"

"Yesssss!" Tyler hissed. "Master, fuck me! Master, beat my big... big... prick!"

Cody was beginning to sweat more profusely. His chest, belly, ass and back were glossed with it. A river of perspiration formed in the small of Cody's

back and rolled slowly downward into the crease of his ass while he continued to drive his cock in and out of Tyler's asshole. Cody's naked chest and belly stuck to the material of Tyler's shirt.

There was a sensuous aching in the pit of Cody's gut, echoed by a drawing tightness in his chest and throat.

Each time Cody's hips lowered for an in-stroke, his muscular ass collapsed inward along its crack, each ass cheek dimpling erotically.

"Fuck me... fuck me!" Tyler grunted in obscene cadence. His fists opened and shut with his pleasure. Occasionally, his ecstasy caused Tyler to reflexively jerk against his bound wrists, making chafed skin go pink against the securing handcuffs.

Cody was going to fuck Tyler all right. There was no need for Tyler to even bother making the request. Actually, by this point, there was nothing Cody could do but fuck.

Cody screwed, enjoying more and more the push and the pull of his cock up Tyler's exceedingly tight asshole. Cody rolled his hips as he fucked. His cock was continually performing stirring motions as well as piston-like fuck-strokes.

As Cody rode Tyler's ass, the bed sagged beneath them. Bedsprings creaked as Cody's fucking moved to an increasingly frantic momentum.

"I'm going to fuck you, slave!" Cody bellowed, his lower body pounding his huge prick deep up Tyler's asshole. "I'm going to screw you raw, slave. Screw you, jab you, ride your tight slave ass until I... Jesus, I... ugghhhgh! Oh, Jesus! JESUS, SLAVE!"

Cody's guts cut loose. He ground his belly tightly against Tyler's bruised ass and left it there. His left hand squeezed Tyler's cum-ballooned nuts. His right hand kept right on pumping, keeping cadence to the wave after wave of ecstasy that trembled Cody's athletic body against that of his willing victim in this bondage and discipline charade.

"FUCK ME!" Tyler squealed, his body wracked with the intense pleasure of having his asshole suddenly blasted full of Cody's soupy cum.

Great gobs of hot male cum flooded Tyler's inner butt, basting Tyler's walnut-sized prostate in sticky glue.

Cody's cock pulsed in explosion, each expansion causing Tyler's asshole to widen further to accommodate the extra bulk.

"I'MM GOING TO CUMMMMM!" Tyler growled.

Cody's fingers hadn't ceased their frantic pumping of Tyler's prick. And, that continued stroking, combined as it was with the explosion of Cody's cum up Tyler's asshole, had finally gotten results.

"Master... bastard!" Tyler grunted, thrusting his ass back into Cody's crotch and revolving his butt to an even more snug fit. "Master bastard, I am going to... AAAAGH!"

Tyler's face was buried in the sheets, his groans becoming muffled as a result. His hands balled into fists, Tyler's blunt fingernails dug indents into his palms.

For both young men, the pleasure continued toward the point where it seemed unbearable. Then, finally, it began to recede, leaving the two of them panting audibly as a result of their release.

"Jesus, Jesus," Cody was able to mumble finally. His cum-webbed right hand stroked Tyler's pleasure-sensitive cock, bringing a run of tardy cum from the head. The same stroking brought a groan of pleasure and pain from the lower depths of Tyler's throat.

"Tell me it wasn't good," Tyler managed after a short pause. "Go on, stud, and tell me it wasn't."

"Tell me the next time isn't going to be even better," Cody said, pulling his still-hard cock out to its head and ramming it once more into the sperm-soaked depths of Tyler's cum-strung asshole. "Go on, tell me."

"Stud!" Tyler voiced, unbelieving his good luck in getting a repeat performance so quickly on the tail of their first cataclysmic eruptions.

"Stud, MASTER!" Cody corrected, his cock coming out again and placing itself back firmly with a force that caused a loud whacking as Cody's now-flaccid scrotum whipped his balls upward against Tyler's sweaty ass cheeks.

"Stud... master... master... master... stud!" Tyler obliged, feeling his prick regaining, within the renewed stroking of Cody's cum-covered right hand, whatever hardness it had lost after coming.

## CHAPTER SIX

"Hi," the studly young hunk said by way of greeting.

Cody told himself he was imagining things if he thought the young blond was cruising. Cody had to be damned sure he didn't slip into the groove a lot of gays dropped into: believing every man who said two words to them was on the make. It just wasn't so. And, the chance this young stud had been interested in more than giving Cody a friendly greeting was pretty farfetched.

"Hi," Cody responded, moving toward the exercise room.

"You look in pretty good shape," the blond said, falling into step beside Cody. "You down here often?"

"I haven't been down for awhile," Cody admitted. "I used to come down all of the time."

"I knew I hadn't seen you before," the blond said. "I would have noticed for sure."

Cody turned, giving the kid another once-over. At the same time, Cody told himself once again that just because this kid was friendly didn't mean he was gay. Cody had obviously been spending entirely too much time around the homosexual element. He was beginning to suspect everyone.

"You look in pretty good shape yourself," Cody observed, deciding that was the understatement of the year. The kid was in damned good physical condition. He was possibly even in better shape than Cody. He had rectangular pectorals, well-defined beneath the stretch of the white YMCA t-shirt. He had a tapered waist and nice legs.

Cody checked for a basket, but jockstraps were famous for keeping even the biggest of cocks in unassuming obscurity.

"I'm down here every night," the blond said. "I'm taking a gymnastics class and doing some weight lifting. The gymnastics class is kind of small. There'd be plenty of room if you wanted to join in."

"Thanks," Cody replied, deciding the kid reminded him of Tyler. The kid had the same blond good looks, the same aura of farm-boy innocence. Cody began to regret the kid wasn't queer. Cody would have liked seeing what the blond's body looked like minus t-shirt, gym shorts, jockstrap, tennis shoes, and sweat socks.

"My name is Jim," the blond said, extending a ham-like hand. He was somewhere in his late teens like Cody.

"Cody," Cody supplied, accepting Jim's hand. Jim's handshake was firm.

"You into gymnastics?" Jim asked. "God knows, you look like you've got the body."

Cody reminded himself that Jim's interest in his physique had nothing whatsoever to do with one queer checking out another. Some guys were always comparing their builds to others, especially weight lifters. It was like younger kids comparing cock sizes.

"I did a little in high school," Cody admitted.

"Yes," Jim said. "I thought so."

Cody knew where he was going inside the building, since this wasn't his first time at the Y. He used to come down all of the time with his father. Back in those days before the father-son relationship seemed to have -- for whatever the reasons -- become less than solid. When had the two begun to grow apart? When Cody's mother had died? No, it had been shortly before that, hadn't it? For some reason, the breach had begun about the time Cody had reached puberty. Anyway, that's the way Cody read it. He certainly couldn't put any rhyme or reason to it. Hell, maybe it was just natural for a father and son to begin drifting apart when the son reached a certain age in his sexual development.

"You going to suit up for a little exercise?" Jim asked, keeping with Cody as Cody headed toward the large exercise room down the hallway.

"Not today," Cody said. "I didn't bring any of my shit."

"That's too bad," Jim said, apparently really wishing Cody had been planning to suit up.

"You look as if you've already worked up quite a sweat," Cody observed.

He hadn't missed the sweat stains darkening the front and underarms of Jim's t-shirt. Jim's blond hair was also damp across his forehead.

"Yea, I have," Jim admitted. "Still, I wouldn't have minded spotting for you, had you needed a spotter."

"Maybe next time," Cody said, beginning to wish he had brought his gym clothes. Jim was someone Cody figured he would have liked to know a little better. Jim was good looking, butch, and he would have kept Cody on the right exercise track. Cody knew how easy it was to get out of shape, and Cody was apt to get out of shape if he didn't get his ass back into a regular exercise program. "You said you're down here regularly?"

"Any night," Jim said, stopping at the swinging doors leading into the showers. "As a matter of fact, you'd be doing me a big favor in coming down. I'm kind of looking for a guy who can keep up with me, if you know what I mean. Not to brag, but some of the kids who come here don't know a kip-up front a jack-off."

Cody smiled. Jim smiled.

Cody decided Jim was one hell of a nice-looking young man -- blond hair, blue eyes, Slavic cheekbones, nice tan, excellent body. Cody shook his head to clear it, knowing he was sizing Jim up as a potential sexual partner.

"Maybe, I will make it a point to come down regularly," Cody said.

However, his swelling cock made him wonder if that was really a smart idea. Cody was sure Jim wouldn't be able to understand the reasons for

Cody's sudden hard-ons in the locker room. "I am getting a little rusty and could probably use a good workout."

"Promise not to team up with anybody else," Jim said.

"Sure," Cody agreed, actually flattered. Jim seemed the type who would have had guys waiting in line to be his exercise partner.

"Good," Jim said, obviously pleased. He shook Cody's hand again, seeming reluctant to release it. "Tomorrow, huh?"

"I'll try to make it," Cody said.

"You do that," Jim said and headed into the shower room.

Cody headed down the hall to the main exercise area.

What was Cody doing here? Well, he wasn't really sure he had an immediate answer to that question. Mainly he was here because he suspected his father was here. And, it had been one hell of a long time since Cody had been down to watch his father work out.

Was Cody out to try and capture something that had been before but which had somehow disappeared? Hell, maybe he was. Then, again, maybe he was never going to realize why he was here.

The main exercise area at the Y was a large room filled with weight apparatus on one end, boxing ring and punching bags in the center, and gymnastics equipment at the other end. The room was surrounded by bleachers, mainly empty, which gave the impression of some kind of athletic meet just prior to opening the doors to let in the crowds.

The room was far from empty. On the one end, several guys were lifting weights of various shapes and sizes. On the other end, one kid was on the side horse, another on the still rings. In the center, two guys were boxing in the ring, while a mat off to one side held a couple of sweaty wrestlers.

At first Cody thought Fletcher wasn't there. Then, he spotted his father, off to one side, laying it into one of the large punching bags with a fury.



Whack! Whack! Whack! Cody somehow was quickly able to eliminate all of the other sounds in the room to isolate the sounds of his father's doubled fists against the bag.

And, now that Cody was there, now that Fletcher was there, what now? Did Cody go over and let himself be recognized? He went over to the bleachers and climbed to one of the top rungs. He sat and watched his father, remembering how many times he had sat in this room and watched his father work out.

Cody's cock had swollen to erection in his pants. And, Cody was well aware his erection wasn't entirely because of his just-ended conversation with Jim.

The simple truth was, Cody found his father sexually attractive. And, it was his initial discovery of that fact which had caused him to automatically begin pulling away from his father. It just wasn't natural for a son to get turned on sexually to his old man.

Look at Fletcher now, for Christ's sake! Cody doubted very much if he had ever seen anyone -- anyone -- who exuded as much raw, sexual magnetism as his father did.

Fletcher was wearing a sleeveless black t-shirt, lined with a white border. He was wearing white trunks with a blue band. There was curly black hair showing at the v-neck of the t-shirt. There was curly black hair showing on both of his muscled legs. There were sweat stains --

black against black -- at Fletcher's armpits and down the front and back of his t-shirt. Fletcher's gym trunks had a tendency to creep upward into the man's ass crease, emphasizing his muscular ass buns.

Whack... whack... whack!

Fletcher apparently wasn't aware of Cody or of anyone else in the room.

He was concentrating too thoroughly on what he was about -- denting the punching bag with his doubled fists.

And, what would Fletcher say if he were to look up and see Cody sitting there? Cody wished Fletcher wouldn't look up, Cody was content right where he was. He didn't want to be put into a position where he would have to make any explanations. Because, Cody still doubted if he could come up with any real explanations.

Cody felt the vibration caused by feet on the bleachers. He shifted his gaze from his sweatglossed father to Jim, who was walking up toward him.

"Hi," Jim said, echoing his original greeting. He had changed from gym trunks and t-shirt to t-shirt and faded jeans.

"Hi," Cody said, somehow feeling as if he had been through this conversation once before.

"Pretty studly number, huh?" Jim said, nodding toward Fletcher, who hadn't let up for a second on beating the punching bag.

"Yea, isn't he?" Cody agreed, pleased his father was being complimented by a studly number who certainly would know another studly number when he saw one.

"You two kind of look alike, you know?" Jim said, his attention back on Cody.

"You think so?" Cody asked. He was tempted to admit to the relationship, but decided not to.

"Yes, you could be brothers," Jim said. "You don't think so?"

"Yea, I guess you could be right," Cody admitted.

"You like 'em dark?" Jim asked.

Cody eyed Jim curiously, trying to decide if there were more in the question than innocent inquiry.

"Like 'em dark?" Cody asked, hinting for clarification.

"Some people are drawn toward their own likeness," Jim said. His right hand moved to his crotch, realigning his obviously large cock beneath the material. "Others are attracted to opposites. Know what I mean?"

Yes, Cody thought he knew, but he wasn't yet ready to accept the obvious.

Maybe he wanted to be hit over the head.

"Take me, for instance," Jim said, seeming more than willing to keep on until there could be no doubt whatsoever as to what he was getting at.

"I'm blond, but blonds don't do anything for me. I like black hair, black eyes, tanned, dark-complected bodies. Like yours."

Jim couldn't have made it any plainer than that, could he? And Cody couldn't help being a little put off. Did this sonofabitch think Cody was so obviously queer he could be approached just like that in a YMCA exercise room?

"If you're saying what I think you are, buddy, I suggest you shove off,"

Cody said. "We're both big enough so that we're liable to make one hell of a lot of noise when I make my attempt at punching you out. You get the picture?"

"You're not really going to pull that big, butch, macho number on me, are you?" Jim asked and smiled. He had an attractive smile. It revealed a row of even white teeth. It slightly dimpled Jim's left cheek.

"Tell me, buddy, what made you pick me out of everyone else here this afternoon?" Cody asked, wondering if he wasn't making a big mistake in even asking. The last thing he wanted Jim to tell him was how Jim had spotted Cody as a fellow queer right away.

"I told you," Jim said. "I got turned on by your looks."

"You've got one hell of a fucking nerve," Cody said, shaking his head in apparent disbelief. He was having a hell of a hard time believing this was happening. Granted, Cody was used to being propositioned by now.

There were certain times and places -- like on the streets -- where a proposition might be expected. This time and place, on the other hand, had been the last where Cody had expected sexual invitations, even though he had heard rumors the Y was infamous for its share of gay activity.

"I decided a long time ago I wasn't going to miss out on something nice purely because I didn't have the guts to walk right up and ask for it,"

Jim said. "So, I took a couple of courses in self-defense to prepare myself for putting up a good fight with any offended straights. Is that what you are, an offended straight?"

"You think you could get the best of me in a boxing match?" Cody asked.

He figured if anyone had a good chance of doing just that, it was probably Jim.

"I don't box," Jim said. "I wrestle." He smiled. "That way, I get to rub crotches even if you do beat the shit out of me."

"Jesus, a genuine pervert!" Cody said, hoping to sound indignant.

Actually, he was having a hell of a time not laughing out loud. Jim's candor was really too fucking much!

"A pervert who can give wicked head," Jim said, unabashedly letting his gaze fall on Cody's bulged crotch. "A pervert who wants really bad to suck off your big cock. And, it is big, too, isn't it, Cody?"

"You have got to be kidding!" Cody said, shaking his head in total disbelief.

"You think you're the first straight kid whose cock would be sucked by me to climax?" Jim asked.

"Are you for real, or am I just imagining you?" Cody asked.

"Actually, I prefer straights," Jim said, continuing with his explanations. "Straights are no way going to try and complicate my life with emotional

involvements. Every queer I ever sucked off fell in love with me and wanted me to run away with him forever."

Cody laughed. He couldn't help it. Then, nervous at the thought his father might have heard him, Cody glanced in Fletcher's direction.

Fletcher was paying no attention, still working the punching bag.

"You afraid one blow-job from a faggot is going to convert you right away into a queer?" Jim asked, his smile going wider.

"You're putting me on, right?" Cody asked. For some reason, he still couldn't believe this attractive blond stud was actually requesting permission to swing his handsome face on Cody's hard prick.

"Want to take a couple of minutes beneath the bleachers to see how serious I am?" Jim asked.

"Why don't you look like a queer?" Cody asked, momentarily sidestepping Jim's proposal, as tempting as that proposal might be. There was, after all, something exceptionally erotic about even the thought of going down beneath the bleachers and getting his cock sucked off while his father beat on a punching bag a few yards away.

"What does a queer look like?" Jim asked. "Surely you're not one of those deluded straights who thinks a queer has to have a limp wrist, a waggy ass, and a breathless voice? Jeeceezus! Coming, stud?" Jim said, getting to his feet. His pants crotch bulged obscenely. His cock was obviously stiff as a board.

Cody's cock was stiff, too. Had been since before this conversation had even begun. There was no missing the massive mountain ridge Cody's erection was making between his legs. It was beyond imagining that Jim had missed seeing it. "I'll take care of that hunk of meat of yours and have it soft as rubber in no time," Jim said.

Cody stood.

"That's it," Jim said, his smile wider. "I like a straight stud who has got the guts to try something different now and again. You'd be surprised at how many are paranoid enough to think that one blow-job is going to turn them into Tinkerbell. I mean, I'll admit I'm damned good, but..."

Jim led the way down the stairway formed by the bleacher benches.

Reaching the bottom layer, Jim stepped to the floor and ducked around one end to enter the darkness beneath. Cody followed into the maze of metal supports.

It was shadowy under the bleachers, but only in comparison to the brighter neon lights illuminating the large gym area. The light that did manage to seep down through the rows of seats striped Jim and Cody's bodies, convening them both into exotic male animals.

"Here," Jim said, and, Cody -- paranoid as he suddenly was -- realized Jim wasn't even whispering. "Lean against this support, and I'll get started."

"You do this very often?" Cody asked, positioning himself so he had a view of his father through two of the bleacher benches.

"Only when I see a specimen that really turns me on," Jim said. "Which, believe it or not, isn't really all that often. Studs like you, Cody, my boy, are few and far between. Take the word of an expert on the male animal of the species."

Jim dropped to his knees, his right and left hands going to Cody's crotch. His left hand held the bottom of Cody's zipper, tugging to hold the row of metal teeth in a straight line. Jim's right hand unfastened the zipper tab and drew it downward.

Cody's pants crotch opened without a hitch. Jim had obviously done all of this many times before. But then, Jim had admitted as much -- in so many words.

"Jesus!" Jim breathed in appreciation. He had reached his right hand in between the gapping zipper teeth and had taken hold of Cody's knotted cock.

"I can't believe this cock of yours is actually real. I shouldn't confess it, but I was expecting to find a sock stuffed with toilet paper."

"Did anyone tell you you've got a line of bullshit that..." Cody grunted as Jim expertly tugged all of his cock free, "... seemingly won't stop?"

"You think I'm bullshitting when I say you've got a horse cock?" Jim asked, his eyes riveted on Cody's erection, his right hand stroking loose flesh gently up and down around Cody's solid inner cock core.

"Bullshitting is when you call a four-inch cock a monster. Calling a horse cock a horse cock is calling a spade a spade."

Jim pulled Cody's cock toward his mouth, much like he would have pulled a lever down on some piece of machinery. Jim licked. His tongue had a way of curling up and over Cody's cock head, tickling sensuously as it went.

"Mmmmmm," Jim moaned, savoring the taste of those juices his right hand had milked from Cody's cock and which Jim's tongue had hungrily claimed.

Cody placed more of his weight against the bleacher support. He took a few shuffling side steps to open his thighs wider. He worked the crease of his ass further around the pole running up along his back.

Cody gave a few quick glances in all directions from where someone might have been coming.

But, there was no one beneath the bleachers but Cody and Jim. There was no one even sitting on the bleachers. Jim had obviously chosen his spot well.

And, out on the floor, Fletcher was still systematically beating at the punching bag. Cody wondered where his father got the energy. As long as Cody had been watching, Fletcher had kept up without a pause.

Jim's pursed lips touched Cody's cock head while he sucked. Cody's knob and three of his eleven cock inches disappeared into Jim's mouth.

Cody's cock head hit Jim's bony palate to deflect into the opening of his throat. The cock left behind it a trailing of clear juices that fed Jim's taste buds a faintly salty flavor.

At the punching bag, Fletcher's taped fists hit, hit, hit.

Jim pulled his mouth free of Cody's cock, looking up at Cody.

"Like it so far, stud?" Jim asked.

"You talk too much," Cody told him.

Jim chuckled and went back to Cody's cock. With a swiftness that surprised Cody no end, Jim swallowed the prick from head, to roots in one healthy swallow.

Automatically, Cody's hands came to Jim's head, his fingers nestling in the blond hair. Jim's hair was silky. If it had grown damp in the shower which Jim had taken after his exercise, it was not damp now. It was soft and flowed sensuously, catching the available light to turn blond, almost white.

"I like it so far," Cody whispered. "I like it a lot. If it gets any better, I just might turn queer."

Cody could smile at the humor in that. Cody figured he was already about as queer as they came, enjoying most every minute of his life since accepting that reality.

Jim's chin pressed into the cushion formed by Cody's already contracting scrotum. He blew warm gusts into the forest of black hair clustered about the base of Cody's prick.

Jim found himself wondering if Cody were gay. There was certainly nothing about Cody that said he was gay. But, then, the two of them had already gone over that ground before. You could be just as butch as Cody was and still be gay on the side. Aside from that, it seemed highly doubtful that anyone as good looking as Cody was, as excellently built, as well hung,



could have possibly gotten this far without one or more cock-hungry gays willingly bowing down to worship at his luscious cock erection.

Not that it really mattered on damn bit whether one or a thousand mouths had passed this way before Jim's mouth. No matter what Jim had said about preferring straights, he really wasn't one of those guys who got off only on seducing straights. Jim got off on men, period -- gay or straight men

-- if they looked a certain way and acted a certain way. And Cody fit the bill, whether straight or gay.

"Good... good... good," Cody whispered as Jim's taut lips munched his knotted cock. His cock twitched inside of Jim's throat.

Jim felt Cody's fingers clamping in his scalp to slowly begin pulling his face back up along the length of hard cock.

Cody moved his ass against the bleacher support pole, his hips revolving to fuck Jim's face in sensuously circular motions.

Jim's face proceeded upward, his lips holding firm. His mouth reached the groove caused by the flaring of Cody's cock head, pausing there. Cody didn't insist Jim come up any further. In fact, Cody now seemed anxious to have Jim quickly return to the base of those cock inches his mouth had just been persuaded to surrender.

"Eat me, stud," Cody said, watching his father who had finally quit beating the punching bag and had stepped back from it.

Fletcher's muscular body was soaked with sweat. Even across the distance that separated Fletcher from his son, he looked as if he had just stepped fully clothed from the shower. His t-shirt was plastered to his body. His gym shorts were wet and molded to his legs so that Cody thought he could make out his father's cock-bulged crotch and the elastic straps that molded his jockstrap to his hairy, studly body.

Fletcher's biceps and triceps had been pumped to new, impressive dimensions. His thigh muscles were tight. His calves had gone to triangular

shapes.

Although no longer beating the bag, Fletcher wasn't still. He was dancing on the balls of his feet like a boxer, his right and then his left arm extending at intervals to slug phantoms in the air.

Jim's face headed back down toward Cody's balls in a swallow that took all of Cody's cock inches with the same ease of Jim's original fall over the hard prick.

And, Cody, for a quick moment, thought Fletcher could see him. Anyway that's what it seemed in that Fletcher had stopped, standing there and staring right to the seeming spot where Cody stood beneath the bleachers.

Look at your son getting his monster cock sucked! Cody mouthed, not actually getting the words out of his mouth.

Want your rocks off, Daddy? Cody asked silently. Step right up and let Jim here be of service. Jim would undoubtedly really get off on doing a father-son duo. Maybe Cody and Fletcher could simultaneously feed their fat cocks to Jim's mouth.

And, how would it feel to have his father's cock mated to Cody's cock and held within the hugging warmth of Jim's mouth and throat?

Cody got a shiver of pleasure that touched each and every nerve in his body. Following on the heel of that pleasure was the disappointment of discovering Fletcher apparently had no idea at all of what his son was doing beneath the bleachers. Because, while Cody watched, Fletcher went back to his methodic pounding of the punching bag.

Cody's balls continued jerking upward. Cody's scrotum, once flaccid, had now grown more and more compact as the pleasure had contracted it to a tighter and tighter fit around his cum-flooded nuts.

Jim rode his face back up to Cody's cock head and then back down again to the base. Up and down. Up and down. And, despite Cody's healthy cock dimensions, each of Jim's downward slides pushed his lips securely into his

black pubic hair. All of Jim's upward slides brought his lips to a gumming of the fist-sized cock head.

Cody swallowed, feeling his throat muscles going tighter and tighter.

Cody blinked his eyes, finding his view of his father became slightly blurred through his dilating pupils.

Jim was well into the rhythm of his fuck by now his hands had moved around Cody's body to heartily clasp the ass cheeks and then begin kneading the pants-covered buns.

"Suck me... suck me," Cody moaned, feeling more and more pleasure spiraling upward from his mouth-molested cock.

And, as his ecstasy increased, Cody couldn't help retaining his previous fantasy of his father joining in to convert this sexual twosome into a three-way.

Cody shut his eyes and pictured Fletcher there with him, up so close that Cody could smell the funky, masculine smells of sweat clinging to his father's body.

And, what if Fletcher pushed Jim out of the way, saying: "I want to suck my son's cock!" What then? What if Fletcher dropped to his knees, his large right hand pulling Cody's stiff prick to Fletcher's sensuous lips?

What if Fletcher sucked his son's cock so deeply into father throat that son cock head would threaten to give battle with his Adam's apple?

"Christ!" Cody moaned. The pleasure derived from his being sucked combined with his fantasy, produced a shuddering of pure, unadulterated joy that sent the young man's body into a series of short, violent spasms.

Cody opened his eyes and realized his visions of his father there with him beneath the bleachers were pure imagination, because Fletcher was still across the room, still beating the punching bag, still thoroughly unaware

that Cody stood with his cock out only a few yards away, getting sucked closer and closer to climax by one hell of an attractive, young stud.

Still, whether or not Fletcher had physically joined in the festivities, his imagined participation had given Cody more pleasure than Cody would have ordinarily derived from the experience he was presently undergoing.

"Oh, Jesus, you do that good... good... good," Cody said. Jim once again sucked up Cody's prick to the hair-haloed roots. "You do that so... so...

so... fucking good."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Jim moaned over his mouthful. The vibrations trembled along the entire length of Cody's swollen cock.

Cody felt his orgasm approaching rapidly. Jim, with intuitive perception, recognized the approach of Cody's cum. Jim prepared for the deluge he knew for a fact had to be contained in Cody's bull like balls.

Jim reached his right hand around Cody's thigh and found the grapefruit-sized sac containing the cum-ballooned balls. Jim's fingers expertly massaged Cody's priming nuts. The resulting pain somehow supplemented rather than detracted from his pleasure.

"Oh, you stud... sucking... sucking... stud," Cody moaned, his hips fucking his cock uncontrollably into Jim's face.

Jim, now as anxious for the taste of Cody's cum as Cody was to give it to him, clamped his left hand deeper into the muscle of Cody's ass cheek.

Jim's right hand fondled the balls more hurriedly. Jim's mouth corkscrewed its way, one more time, over Cody's massively uplifted prick.

"Jesus!" Cody grunted. "Jesus... fucking, Jesus... fucking, Jesus!"

Suddenly, Cody's nuts were in eruption. Cody's pelvis bucked forward to flatten Jim's eating face. Cody's hands pushed Jim's mouth even tighter about the roots of his exploding cock.

"Aaaagghrrungh!" Cody moaned, trying to control any long or loud verbal announcements of the fireworks going off in his chest, his belly, and his brain, for fear someone besides Jim might hear him.

Cody's leg and stomach muscles taut. Cody's body jerked as it danced out his pleasure. Gallons of thick cum seemed to be flooding from his nuts to exit within the vacuum formed by Jim's sucking mouth and throat.

Jim was only too eager to take the offered mouthfuls. As he swallowed, his right hand continued to work Cody's balls, his left hand continued to knead Cody's ass cheek.

Jim growled around the trembling plug of cock meat, sucking desperately for more and more of Cody's streamers of male goo. Jim's cheeks concaved around the length of Cody's erupting prick. Jim's suctioning mouth made lewd, wet noises as runny cum was drawn down his throat.

"Eat me... eat me... eat me," Cody chanted, wondering if his cock was ever going to stop its pulsing, wondering if his balls were ever going to drain the river of thick, white cum.

Jim ate all right. Jim ate until Cody's cock had not only quit blasting but was completely empty of even the stray cum that normally would have managed to hide within Cody's prick.

When Jim was satisfied he had it all, he pulled free of Cody's cock, giving one final lick in parting.

Before getting to his feet, Jim proceeded to skillfully place Cody's cock back behind the open fly and seal up Cody's pants crotch with a closed zipper.

Jim then came to a standing position, licking his lips in a slightly lascivious way that proclaimed, more than words could have, just how thoroughly Jim had enjoyed himself.

"How was it, stud?" Jim asked. He, of course, already knew the answer.

There could have been no way Cody couldn't have enjoyed what he had just been through. However, some straight studs, made guilty as hell by the pleasure had from getting their cocks sucked by another guy, often made attempts to deny the pleasure anyway. Jim was wondering if Cody was going to be one of those sorry jackasses.

"So good, I've decided to return the favor," Cody said.

Out of all the noise in the room, Cody could still make out the distinct thump of his father beating the punching bag.

Cody's statement had momentarily left Jim speechless. Of all he had expected Cody to say, of all Cody could have said, this suggestion that Cody might be willing to suck Jim's cock hadn't even crossed his mind.

"You think you're the only hunky stud who knows how to swing his head on a humpy piece of male meat?" Cody asked, smiling at Jim's amazed expression. "Naw. There are a few of us around who can give you a run for your money."

Before Jim could find the words to answer anything, Cody had dropped to his knees and was beginning to open the zipper at Jim's fly.

"Of course, you must promise not to fall in love with me," Cody said, looking up. "Usually that's what a guy does once I've gone down on his cock."

"You bastard!" Jim finally managed with a loud and thoroughly amused laugh. "You Goddamned, hunky, handsome bastard!"

Thump... thump... thump... went the sound of Fletcher's taped fists pummeling the punching bag. The sound merely echoed the pulsating of Jim's thick and heavy cock as Cody's experienced fingers pried that large cock mast out of its confinement.

And, when Cody went down on Jim's big prick, Cody was mentally going down over his father's blood-gutted cock meatiness!

## CHAPTER SEVEN

The wack of the paddle resounded loudly in the small room. It was just one more of several whacks which Fletcher had so far delivered to Tyler's ass during the course of the evening.

Tyler's ass cheeks had flushed a deep rose. The redness overran the butt mounds and pinkened the backs of his thighs.

Fletcher hit Tyler's ass again. The force of the new blow sent Tyler's body back to rocking on the manacles and chains that held him hung upside down from the ceiling.

Fletcher was sexually aroused. And not just from the beating he was in the process of delivering to Tyler's ass, although that certainly had something to do with it. The truth was, however, Fletcher had been walking around for one long time with one embarrassingly obvious hard-on.

It seemed as if the hardness had set in that day Fletcher had seen his son jacking off in the shower. It had stayed on ever since, with only short periods of softness. But, the periods of flaccidness were never very long-lasting, no matter how hard, fast, and often Fletcher flogged his thick cock inches or took a hearty piss. Fletcher had even begun a regular workout at the Y. However, he was never again going to believe anyone who told him exercise and cold showers made the sexual appetite wane. Fletcher had exercised to the point of exhaustion on more than one recent occasion, yet still managed to sprout a hard cock. Once his prick had remained so hard during exercise, Fletcher had had to come home and shower afterwards, afraid of the comments his stiff prick would have brought from fellow bathers in the YMCA shower room.

Finally, Fletcher had decided the only chance he had was another session with Tyler. Sessions with Tyler always had a way of seemingly sucking Fletcher completely dry. And, by Jesus, Fletcher did need to be sucked dry. Every time he saw Cody, Fletcher was sure his son could well recognize the obscene evidence of Fletcher's passion affixed to his groin.

Twice Fletcher had gone out patrolling the streets for Tyler. Twice he had found no signs whatsoever of the young man. During those two nights, Fletcher's prick had been a painful burden for the man to carry. Fletcher had only wished to God he had asked Tyler for a phone number.

Tonight Fletcher had lucked out. He had no sooner begun his cruising of the meat-rack district than he had spied Tyler leaning provocatively against the wall of a building. Fletcher had pulled up his car and stopped.

"Hey, stud?" Tyler had said, squatting down and peering into the car through the open window on the passenger side. He had recognized Fletcher right off. "I wasn't expecting to see you again so soon."

"You busy tonight?" Fletcher had asked, his cock so hard in his pants that it was actually painful.

"Since when have I ever been too busy for you?" Tyler had asked, opening the car door and climbing into the car.

"I began to think maybe you'd retired," Fletcher said, pulling out into traffic. "I've been looking for you for the last couple of nights."

"I had a little accident that kept me in seclusion."

"Anything serious?"

"Naw, but a shiner never makes a kid all that attractive, so, I decided to take a long-deserved rest."

If Tyler had had a black eye, there was little trace Fletcher could find of it now. The kid's face looked just as clear-complected as it always had when Fletcher picked him up.

"Ugh!" Tyler groaned as the wooden paddle once again rapped his butt, although the steady beating had rather anesthetized Tyler's ass to the point where these more recent slaps of wood against flesh were nowhere near as painful as the initial whacks had been.



Fletcher, too excited to prolong preliminaries as long as he might have liked, laid the paddle to one side. He walked around the hanging body so he could get a look at Tyler from the front.

Tyler, hung from his ankles, had his balls dropping down toward his head.

His erect cock was large and hard, pointing right toward his chin.

Tyler's pulpy cock head rested in the boy's cupping navel, where it had already leaked a mess of jism.

Fletcher passed his right hand up Tyler's belly to the boy's balls.

Fletcher took a handful of Tyler's large, bull-like nuts and squeezed.

"Aaaagggung!" Tyler responded, his large cock leaking more ooze.

Fletcher released his handhold on Tyler's nuts and moved his body in closet. Fletcher stood so his cock loomed large in front of Tyler's face.

Tyler was so hoisted that his face was not only level to Fletcher's crotch, but Fletcher's face had easy access to Tyler's swollen prick --

should Fletcher so desire it.

Fletcher stepped in closer yet, the hair on his balls actually brushing Tyler's nose. Tyler licked his tongue out and laved Fletcher's moving scrotum.

Fletcher, spurred on by the sensuous glide of Tyler's tongue, put his hands on the body, one to the outside of each of Tyler's thighs.

Fletcher's hands slid downward to the back of Tyler's head. Fletcher pulled Tyler's face in tighter to his nuts, his hard cock rubbing Tyler's chest.

"Lick my sweaty balls, you nut-licking slave sonofabitch!" Fletcher commanded.

Again and again, Tyler's tongue darted out and licked. Positioned as snugly into the vee of Fletcher's legs as he was, Tyler could work his snake-like

tongue all the way up beneath Fletcher's hanging scrotum and into Fletcher's funky ass crack.

Fletcher, though, wasn't long content with just the feel of Tyler's tongue. He was simply too hot and too horny for those lengthy buildups he usually managed. Maybe after his first orgasm of the evening he would be able to get back on the right track. But, right, now, Fletcher's cock was just aching to let go one hell of a hearty load.

"Open your mouth wide, slave, bastard," Fletcher instructed, shifting his hips back so that he could yank down his prick and place his pulpy cock head to Tyler's awaiting mouth. "Master cock is about to drive home."

Tyler opened his mouth -- wide. Having recognized Fletcher as being more worked up than usual, Tyler prepared himself for what he knew would follow. Since Fletcher was so anxious to get started, it seemed obvious he wouldn't simply ease his cock into place.

Fletcher's hips bucked forward. He pulled Tyler's hanging face forward and slid his cock into Tyler's mouth and throat.

Tyler had anticipated sufficiently so that he didn't gag. His throat simply expanded for Fletcher's entering cock inches and then closed in around them once they were secured. He gummed the base of Fletcher's cock, his nose punched into Fletcher's already compacting balls.

Fletcher's scrotum was wet with Tyler's spit.

His cock firmly in place, Fletcher released his hand from the back of Tyler's head and brought his hand to Tyler's cock. Fletcher hooked his thumb around the back of Tyler's prick, his fingers curving over the shaft. Fletcher pulled Tyler's prick to a position that made it jut out perpendicular to the boy's muscled belly.

Fletcher opened his mouth and moved it in on Tyler's cock, sucking Tyler's thick prick all of the way to the knotted cock roots. Fletcher's mouth pressed so flush to the vee formed by Tyler's slightly parted thighs, Fletcher's nose caught those heady aromas emanating from Tyler's asshole.

Fletcher began a simultaneous fuck of Tyler's face and suck of his cock.

Quickly finding a working coordination, he swung his hips forward and back. Fletcher's face bounced up and down. Tyler was required to do very little more than keep his throat relaxed and his mouth open. Fletcher, doing all of the fucking, was using Tyler's mouth as conveniently as if that mouth were a cunt or asshole.

"Grrrungh!" Fletcher growled over Tyler's spit-drenched prick, wondering why he was suddenly thinking once again of how Cody had jacked off in the shower, how he had stood there in the open bathroom doorway and watched his own son play a big, youthful cock to orgasm.

And, why did thinking about Cody make Fletcher's hips pump faster and his mouth eat cock as if this might be the last time he could do either?

While being quite unable to stop himself from thinking about Cody, Fletcher was becoming a little worried about the recent association he seemed to be making between his sexual pleasure and his son.

Granted, Fletcher had always found his son sexually attractive. However, before now, Fletcher had always been able to keep that realization somehow separated from his own personal needs. Lately, Fletcher had begun fearing he might actually, if suddenly confronted with Cody's naked body, become so sexually aroused as to make an attempt to rape Cody.

Fletcher quickly got into his fuck and suck with Tyler, driven to speedier motions by more thoughts of the possibility he might one day soon be raping his own son, Fletcher's head bounced faster. His hips swung and withdrew, socking his cock into and then pulling it out of Tyler's obliging mouth and face. He brought his lips up to Tyler's pulpy cock head, then dropped back down. Fletcher's taut lips worked the outer folds of Tyler's cock skin back and forth along the young man's hard inner cock core.

The ecstasy to be had from fucking Tyler's face only fanned his sucking incentive. The man worked harder and faster over Tyler's stiff prick. His skillful lips and tongue worked over the boy's burgeoning erection.

Fletcher corkscrewed his face downward over Tyler's cock and then burrowed deeply into Tyler's crotch.

"Cody!" Fletcher growled over his mouthful, his word coming out garbled even to his own ears.

Fletcher's body became assaulted by myriad pleasurable sensations that triggered him much as an electric current might trigger a finely tuned fucking machine into action.

Tyler was busy savoring his own pleasure. He grabbed Fletcher's thighs, holding on while being attacked at his face and his cock. Tyler's guts ached pleasantly from his unfamiliar hang. There was a dull thud of blood continuing to rush to his head. He worked constantly to assure his mouth was full of spit. Fletcher was now fucking with such frantic speed that, were Tyler's mouth to suddenly go dry, the friction would have raised havoc with tender, unlubricated flesh.

"Cody!" Fletcher grunted again, his sounding coming out just as undecipherable as before. "Cody... Cody... Cody!"

Fletcher swung his hips forward one final time, his compacted scrotum forming a hairy cushion to be poked by Tyler's nose.

"Codyyyyy!" Fletcher growled, his cock letting loose and shooting huge, comet-like masses of cum into the lowest depths of Tyler's sucking throat.

Tyler, even as experienced as he was, might well have gagged on the enormity of his force-fed mouthful of male cum. But he became so lost in his pleasure that his automatic swallows took care of the deluge.

"Oooooohhhunnnghooohh!" Tyler mouthed, ending with a low gargle that sent his voice up through the oceans of Fletcher's cum bubbling in his mouth and throat.

Fletcher fell once again to Tyler's groin. His sensuous lips proceeded to suck cum from Tyler's exploding prick. Splash after splash of Tyler's salty spunk blasted Fletcher's mouth and throat.

For a moment, it could seem to each that he was feeding not only on the other, but, also, on himself. For the cum seemed to be one and the same mixture as it traveled on a seemingly circular course that took it from Fletcher's cock to Tyler's mouth, from Tyler's cock to Fletcher's mouth, add infinitum.

And, when it was over and done, Fletcher's cock still didn't go soft. It stayed hard even after Fletcher had taken Tyler down and fucked him dog-style on the floor. It stayed hard even after Fletcher had fucked Tyler missionary style on one of the wooden benches placed haphazardly around the room. Fletcher's cock stayed hard even after...

It stayed hard...

It stayed hard...

"You were something else this evening, you know that, stud?" Tyler asked when they were both thoroughly exhausted and Fletcher's prick had finally drooped to a consistency that would have denied its entrance up Tyler's -

- or anyone else's -- asshole. "I do believe you could well take on two guys at the same time, couldn't you?"

For some reason, Fletcher was able to divine that Tyler was doing a little more than just making idle conjecture.

"Too much for you, am I?" Fletcher asked. "Or, did you have something more specific in mind?"

"Next time around, how would you like to try taking on two for the price of one?"

"I'm listening."

"I've got a friend who I've kind of been breaking in to this scene, if you know what I mean. But, he's still a little nervous about it all. I figure you could be just the person who could bring him along a little further without completely scaring the shit out of him and ruining it for him. I've got him

pegged as a natural in B and D, but he definitely needs a little more than I can give him as a friend. You know? And, you've got the equipment -- both between your legs and in this little room."

"I don't know, Tyler," Fletcher replied dubiously. Although, he had to admit two studs at one time did have a certain exciting appeal. And Fletcher felt he knew Tyler well enough so that it was hardly likely the kid was out to pull a fast one.

"This kid kind of reminds me of you, as a matter of fact," Tyler said.

"Black hair, black eyes. Muscled body. Maybe not quite as hairy, though.

You don't have a son out there hiding in the wings, do you, Fletcher?"

Fletcher's prick began to go stiff!

## CHAPTER EIGHT

The Black Room was located in a small house in the suburbs. The house sat on a full acre of land, completely shielded from the surrounding neighborhood by a series of trees and shrubs. Fletcher had looked at the house originally as an investment, but he had quickly seen its advantages as a secret hideaway. Doing most of the work himself, Fletcher had converted one basement room into a fair representation of a medieval dungeon -- at least how the movies had always portrayed such a room. Of course, Fletcher hadn't gathered all the equipment of a torture chamber, but then, Fletcher knew what he personally would be using and saw no sense in cluttering the area with nonessentials. He, therefore, had become content with a rack, several stocks and pillories, several workbenches, and various apparatus using pulley and chains. He had paddles he'd made and whips which he had picked up in Mexico. All in all, the place more than performed the function Fletcher had initially intended for it.

There was a two-way mirror, giving visual access to what was happening in the Black Room to anyone standing in a small closet on the other side of the wall. Fletcher was looking through the glass now, watching as Tyler affixed the last manacle to Cody's wrists and hoisted the blindfolded kid to a position that had his downward-pointing toes barely touching the floor.

Jesus, that's Cody! Fletcher said to himself. His son was the kid Tyler had been fucking around with, breaking into the bondage and discipline scene. Fletcher's son was the kid Tyler had proudly claimed had pulled in five-hundred dollars in one heavy night of hustling the streets. His son was gay, for Christ's sake! GAY!

How was it possible Cody had been gay all of this time, peddling his young ass on the streets, fucking up a storm with the same young blond stud his father fucked regularly, without Fletcher having ever guessed?

Had he and his son grown that far apart that they really knew so very little about each other?

Goddamn it, they were both gay! And Fletcher had been creeping around, scared as all hell that Cody might find out about Fletcher's real sexual preferences. He stood still for a moment, pondering his questions.

This all just seemed too good to be true. Fletcher had to be dreaming.

"What's this kid's name," Fletcher had asked Tyler, thinking maybe he had run into him on the streets. Fletcher had, on occasion, picked up several kids, although, in the final analysis, he always seemed to come back to Tyler.

"Cody," Tyler had said.

"Cody?"

"We're not into last names in this business," Tyler had reminded him, assuming Fletcher's echo had been a request for more information. "I don't think I ever even asked Cody's last name."

How many fucking kids were there in the world who were named Cody and who looked enough like Fletcher to be his son?

It was Cody. It was his son in there, stripped naked, exhibiting that same luscious hard-on, he had whipped to climax in the shower stall while Fletcher had watched through the opaque shower door. And Cody was in there, with his hard-on, waiting for some stranger to come in, beat his ass, fuck his young asshole. That stranger he was waiting for was his own father.

Tyler finished, crossed the room and exited. He walked to the door and opened it.

"Well?" Tyler asked. According to plan, he had brought Cody in, blindfolded him and hoisted him up, without revealing Fletcher's presence.

"It's my son," Fletcher said.

"You're sure?" Tyler asked, wanting verification. If Fletcher was finding all of this hard to believe, he had nothing on Tyler. Tyler found it mind-



boggling that he had unknowing been fucking a father and son. What, was even more mind-blowing was that neither father nor son seemed to have known the other was gay.

"Cody. My son," Fletcher said. "My son."

Tyler watched Fletcher trying to decide whether he was sorry or glad to discover his son was the kid Tyler had so glowingly described as a homosexual stud. What convinced Tyler that Fletcher was glad was the obvious erection swelling the crotch of his pants.

"If this is such a surprise for you, imagine what it's going to be like when Cody finds out you're the bondage-discipline master I've been promising him."

"You didn't tell him about me, did you?"

"You mean about how you might be his father? Hell, no. You told me not to, didn't you? Besides, I didn't believe it could possibly turn out Cody was your kid."

"Well, it's true all right," Fletcher said. "Jesus, but it is true."

"So, where do we go from here?" Tyler asked.

"We go in there," Fletcher said, nodding toward the Black Room beyond the mirror. "And, we show my son a good time. That is what he came for, isn't it? You're not turned off by the thought of a little incest, are you?"

"Does this hard-on of mine look as if I've got any objections to your and Cody's incest?" Tyler asked, pointing to the bulge which began at the meeting of his thighs and extended in the form of a high ridge downward along his left thigh.

"Shall we dress suitably for the occasion?" Fletcher asked, fingering one of the several pieces of leather clothing hanging in the closet.

"How about some leather chaps so my cock and ass hang out?" Tyler suggested. "Never can tell when I might need the use of one or both of

them. Right?"

"I think we might both do well to keep our cocks and asses available this evening," Fletcher said, searching for two pair of leather chaps. "How many fathers, after all, get a chance to fuck their sons and then get fucked by their sons in turn?"

"Did I tell you how glad I was to be sharing this family moment?"

"Your hard cock told me all I needed to know, remember?" Fletcher said and smiled.

They took their clothing into the outer room where they changed into the leather. Each wore chaps, a fringed leather vest and cowboy boots, complete with gold spurs.

Dressed, they headed for the door to the Black Room and for Cody who was still hanging naked (save for a blindfold) beyond the door.

"Did my son complain about the blindfold?" Fletcher asked, pausing with his hand on the doorknob.

"It made Cody a little nervous," Tyler admitted. "But, he knows by now he can trust me enough to believe me when I say he can trust you, too."

"Shall we get started, then?" Fletcher asked.

"Why not?"

Fletcher opened the door to the Black Room and they both went in.

## CHAPTER NINE

With a large cock working up his asshole and a hot mouth wrapped around his hard cock, Cody was beginning to wonder if he hadn't bitten off a bit more than he could chew. His ass was beaten raw with a belt and whip.

Cody had decided it took a very special type of individual to get caught up in this advanced type of game playing. And, despite Tyler's constant assurances that Cody was a natural at the game, he wasn't all that sure Tyler was right.

Cody had admitted enjoyed his initial session of handcuffing Tyler to the bed and screwing his asshole. Cody had admittedly enjoyed the various sessions after that, which had eventually found him handcuffed to the bed, Tyler fucking his asshole.

But, this was decidedly different. The people who used this room were indeed a few steps above simple handcuffing and fucking. Frankly, the dungeon-like atmosphere of the room had scared Cody more than a little when he had first seen it. If Cody hadn't promised Tyler he would go through with it, if Tyler hadn't promised Cody everything would be all right, Cody would have finked out at the last minute. But Cody had gone through it -- or, rather, was even now going through with it. As to whether there would be any repeats, he doubted it.

Not that all of it wasn't a turn-on! Maybe the fact that it was a turn-on scared Cody a little bit, too. Despite getting his ass beaten and violently finger fucked in preparation for the real thing, Cody's cock had never once drooped. Quite to the contrary, Cody's cock had started out rock-hard and had stayed that way.

"Aaaagh!" Cody groaned at the sudden wave of pleasure and pain resulting from yet another butting of his prostate by the pulpy cock head screwing up his tight ass hole. The wave was accompanied by a leaking of goo that was quickly sucked away by Tyler's noisy mouth.

Anyway, Cody was pretty certain it was Tyler's mouth gobbling away at his cock. He was familiar enough with Tyler's style and technique to think he could recognize them even if Cody was blindfolded.

Cody wondered why he was blindfolded, though it did add a certain extra touch to the proceedings.

But Tyler had been so profuse in his descriptions of this master, if did seem a bit ridiculous that Cody wasn't even going to get a peek before all was said and done. Unless Tyler had been stretching the truth a bit, and the guy fucking Cody was really some humpbacked dwarf with buckteeth, bald pate, and pigeon-toes.

There was something about the feel of the man behind Cody that seemed to broadcast the presence of stud material. Even though he couldn't see, he could feel the scratching of the guy's chest and belly hair. Cody could feel the hardness of the guy's pectorals and abdominals. If the stud were a humpbacked dwarf with buckteeth, bald pate, and pigeon-toes, he was at least built like a brick shit house in other departments. And he had one hell of a big cock!

"Like it, stud? Like it?" a voice whispered in Cody's ear, accompanied by a sensuous blast of hot air. "Sure you do."

Cody was honest enough to admit that another aspect contributing to his enjoyment was the fact that the guy fucking his ass sounded almost as he imagined his father would sound with his voice gone husky with sex.

Sure enough, Cody was back to fantasizing sex with his father. Those fantasies had become more and more frequent since he had taken up getting his cock blown regularly by Jim while he watched his father working out in the Y exercise area.

In fact, Cody had been getting more than his share of sex lately, without venturing out on the streets. His afternoons had been spent with Tyler while Tyler's black eye finally faded back to normal. Cody's early afternoons had been spent getting blown by Jim beneath the bleachers while he watched his father turn sweaty pounding a punching bag. Now, he was getting fucked

and sucked in a room that looked like some medieval castle. Cody figured he was due to slow down his promiscuous schedule, and these sessions would be the first to go. And, since Tyler was back in business, there would doubtlessly be even less time spent together. So, that left Jim at the Y. Cody would keep on there. He liked. Jim. He liked the fantasies possible while getting sucked off and watching Fletcher batter a punching bag across the room.

So, since these sessions with this mystery man were destined to be the first of Cody's busy sexual schedule to be jettisoned, he figured he might as well enjoy this one-shot experience while it lasted. Which really wasn't all that difficult to do, when he came right down to it.

As if to nail that point home, a new flooding of pleasure shot through his body, the result of the combination of hot mouth wrapping his hard cock and hot cock pumping up his clutching asshole.

"Yea, love it, don't you?" Fletcher asked, so turned on that it took all of his willpower to keep from blasting his nuts right then and there.

Cody hadn't yet decided whether his mystery master was talking just to hear himself or whether he was actually expecting Cody to answer. Cody's pleasure was swelling so quickly, he figured he would soon enough be grunting out just how much he was enjoying. Until then, Cody figured he would continue to play it by ear.

Cody and his father weren't the only ones having a good time. Tyler, kneeling in front of Cody's hung body, his face buried over Cody's hard prick, was really turned on by being the third party in this father-son sex scene. In fact, Tyler had become so excited he had pulled out his cock and was busy beating on it while he sucked. What he wanted to do was time his orgasm so that it happened simultaneously with the ejaculation of Cody's cum into his sucking mouth and throat.

Now, if only Fletcher could coordinate his orgasm to coincide with Cody and Tyler's blastoffs, there was the possibility of something really wild and wonderful happening here.

There was, of course, nothing Fletcher would have liked more than feeding his son's asshole with cum at the exact moment his son's hot, thick jizz was erupting from his pulsating prick. But wanting and getting were not always one and the same, especially when the incestuous implications of this fuck were an additional turn-on.

"Father cock," Fletcher whispered in Cody's ear. "How would you like father cock rammed to father balls up your tight, clutching asshole?"

Cody was shocked into new awareness, trying desperately to realize how this complete stranger had somehow successfully managed to intrude himself into Cody's fantasies. Search as he could, there was nothing Cody could remember saying during the course of this evening which could have given any hints as to his frequent fantasies. Nor, Cody was positive, had he ever mentioned his father-related fantasies to Tyler.

What Fletcher had been expecting when he had made his obscene references to father cock had been an indignant outburst from his son, and kind of what-in-the-fuck-are-you-saying-you-pervert-degenerate-sonofabitch type of response. When Fletcher didn't get it, he thought maybe Cody was just planning to bear whatever Fletcher had in store without saying much of anything. Cody, after all, had said very little throughout this whole session. Still, if he were able to so easily accept the reference to father cock, maybe he was closer to being capable of accepting the real, thing than Fletcher could imagine.

"Father cock," Fletcher whispered again. "Your father's cock, jumping to a climax up your asshole. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Cody? You'd like the incestuous pump of your father's cock working up your asshole, wouldn't you? Go ahead, stud, you can admit it. Why not tell me the truth? This is only a game, isn't it? Why not pretend?"

"Ugggahhhh!" Cody moaned, shaken by the pleasure inherent in having some one else a part of his incestuous game playing. Before, Cody had found it necessary to mentally put words into his partner's mouths. But here was a man apparently willing to pretend he was Cody's father. And suddenly, Cody realized how glad he was for the blindfold. Because, not

seeing, it was now possible for Cody to pretend this man really was his father. And, Jesus, what a turn-on that was!

Tyler, his face anchored over Cody's cock, could tell better than anyone how Fletcher's words had excited Cody. His cock was pulsing like crazy, alive with a blood heartbeat that Tyler could feel against his sensitive lips. Cody's cock was leaking lubricating juices even more profusely with each hint Fletcher gave.

Tyler's fucking face bounced faster. Tyler's gripping fist beat his cock raw, going slow and then going fast as Tyler maintained his efforts to keep his cum at bay until that exact moment when Cody's prick was to spray cum with fire-hose intensity.

"Why not pretend I'm your father?" Fletcher asked, his cock sliding out to his cock head, then sliding in to his balls. "What's the harm? What's the harm in just pretending, for Christ's sake?"

Fletcher gritted his teeth. He was far gone. It wasn't going to be too long before he was thrust over the brink.

"Call me Father!" Fletcher hissed in Cody's ear. "Call me Father, Goddamnit!"

Cody opened his mouth but shut it without saying anything.

"Call me Father!" Fletcher commanded again, wondering if he were going to be able to hold off blasting until he got his wish. "Son, stud, Son, call me Father!"

Inside Tyler's mouth, Cody's cock swelled larger and released more salty juices.

"Call me Father... call me Father!" Fletcher insisted, his leather chaps flapping as each forward thrusting of his hips buried his cock hard and fast up Cody's ass hole. Fletcher's belly and Cody's ass cheeks were wet with sweat.

"Faaaaaather," Cody moaned. Not loudly. Just loud enough to experiment with the type of gut reaction he would experience by indulging as fully in the game as his fucker was inviting.

Cody found his voicing a verbal aphrodisiac that took hold of him, making him only that much more hungry for the feel of cock working up his hugging ass hole, making him only that much more hungry for the feel of salivating mouth working over his burgeoning erection.

"Father... Father... fuck me... Father," Cody ventured realizing more sexual thrills. "Fuck me, Jesus, fuck me, Father... Father... Father...!"

"Son... Son... Son," Fletcher chanted, becoming more and more lost in the ecstasy of the moment, not believing Cody had been persuaded to come this far in accepting the possibility of getting fucked in the ass by his father's cock.

"Faaaaaather!" Cody moaned again.

"Tell me how much you want my father cock," Fletcher said, his cock growing fatter with the friction of his blood-glutted shaft pounding back and forth within Cody's snug asshole. "Beg me, Son, stud. Beg me!"

"Give it to me!" Cody obliged by begging, swinging his hips to first sink his ass over his father's cock and then sink his cock deep into Tyler's hungry mouth and throat.

"Give you what, Son, stud? Give you what? Father cock? Is that what you want? Father cock?"

"Give me father cock!" Cody pleaded, losing himself in a fantasy that made his pleasure more intense. "Fuck my ass, Father! Fuck my ass with big father cock! Screw me... screw me... fucking screw me!"

Tyler, whose sole attention was centered on the spit-slicked inches of Cody's cock as it first disappeared into his mouth and then slipped out of it, thought Fletcher had already removed Cody's blindfold.



"Take it!" Fletcher grunted. "Take my father cock!"

Fletcher was really pumping his prick now. Its swift movements caused small, fart-like noises where suction combined with the juices leaking profusely from Fletcher's hard cock. Fletcher's nuts were pulled so snugly to the base of his cock that they seemed almost lost.

Fletcher flattened his palms over Cody's naked chest, feeling the hardness of the taut nipples. Fletcher tented his fingers, pinching the erect nipples.

"Fuck me, Father!" Cody groaned. "Fuck your son's funky asshole!"

Suddenly, Fletcher wanted Cody to know the truth. Cody was so involved in the assumed charade, Fletcher could certainly hope the discovery of the reality would only make the young man's pleasure even more intense.

Leaving the fingers of his left hand to tweak Cody's left nipple, Fletcher moved his right hand behind Cody's head and began fumbling with the knot of the blindfold.

"Nooooooo!" Cody moaned in protest. He no longer wanted to see his attacker, more content with believing he was being screwed by his father.

Cody was afraid being able to see would only act in shattering the perfect illusion.

Fletcher released the blindfold.

Cody kept his eyes tightly closed. He couldn't imagine wanting to see. No matter how studly the owner of the fat cock up his ass might be, how could that man possible match his fantasy of his father's studliness he thought.

"Cody, look at me," Fletcher groaned. "Look at your father, you handsome bastard. Look, Jesus, look!"

Something about the sudden familiarity of Fletcher's voice did make Cody open his eyes, did make Cody turn his head, did make Cody see his father.

"Dad... Jesus, Jesus... Dad?" Cody asked in continued disbelief.

"Stud, Son!" Fletcher grunted, whacking his hips forward to bury the total length of his cock into Cody's ass for one final time.

Tyler reached upward between Cody's open legs. He pressed his left thumb into the bulk of Cody's balls, then clamped his fingers into the bulk of Fletcher's compact scrotum. Tyler clutched his hand to mate Cody and Fletcher's balls. Father and son's nuts rolled together within Tyler's massaging grasp.

"Ohhhhhh, Codyeeiiii!" Fletcher squealed, feeling all of his guts seemingly drop to his finger-clutched balls and begin the mad dash up the entire length of Fletcher's ass-buried cock. "I'M CUMMMMING, CODY, SON, STUD, SLAVE, SON, I'M CUMMING!"

"Dad! Dad! Jesus, Dad!" Cody shouted.

And, as Cody's cum erupted its deluge from the pulsing mouth of his cock, Tyler's throat was right there to take it all.

"Mmmmmmmumph!" Tyler hummed over his mouthful. His tight hand was moving so fast over his prick, it was merely a blur.

Tyler swallowed twice, each time taking down a mouthful of Cody's cum which threatened to drown him.

"Aaaaagghhhhuurrrggh!" Tyler groaned, gargling on his latest mouthful of cum as his balls were finally coaxed into ejaculating their big load.

The three became, totally sucked up into the sheer ecstasy for their simultaneous orgasms. It was good. It was very good. It was the best sex Fletcher and Cody had ever had. It was possibly the best sex Tyler had ever experienced.

And, what was really totally unbelievable was that this ecstasy was only the beginning of the total sexual pleasure these three would be sharing in the days, the weeks, the months, and the years to follow.

THE END